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NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

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THE

ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. Engraved by T. GARNER, from the Picture by Sir T. LAWRENCE, P.R.A., in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
2. GREENWICH HOSPITAL. Engraved by J. B. ALLEN, from the Picture by G. CHAMBERS, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
3. FROM THE MOORS. Engraved by T. SHERBATT, from the Picture by — PARK.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1839.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.



NE impression frequent at Florence is, that Andrea del Sarto is really a very delightful artist, whose due praises have been far too much withheld by our recent critical writers. It is no doubt true, as Vasari, his warm admirer, tells us, that there was a certain timidity and want of force in his conceptions. They were, indeed, of a mildly tender, elegant, and somewhat feminine cast, undistinguished by masculine grandeur and energy. He had little dramatic power; his range was not extensive; but within that range, he is not unfrequently truly, heart-soothingly, delightful. Some of his frescos, for tenderness of feeling, not monkish, but sweetly and innocently human, are quite unequalled in Florentine art: in the most purely gentle and simple aspects of grace and beauty, he alone, in his happiest moments, seems to us to have shared the true Raphaelesque spirit. It is true that feeling of this kind is, in his softly splendid oil pictures, painted in the latter part of his career, too often forgotten for beauties of a more technical and artificial character; yet even in them, bright instances of it are not wanting; and their general character certainly raises them infinitely above Mr. Forsyth's most stupid notion, that "Andrea had neither poetry in his intellect, nor feeling in his heart." The critic here either shows utter carelessness, or else simply describes himself; not that we should have noticed this little piece of self-exposure, but that it has been repeated to Andrea's prejudice in other books. And even where our painter's sensibility is somewhat merged in his *art*, it is, at least, admirable, magnificent *Art*. In the spirited refinement of his drawing—we see it marked especially in his sketches—he also comes next to Raphael, as it seems to us; and in his tender harmony of colour, soft and warm, yet strong and brilliant, in his beautiful light melting grace of execution, he is alone amongst the Florentines. Next let us notice his rare skill in grouping and composition, and we shall at least begin to comprehend why he was so often called in his own day, *Andrea senza Errore*, or Andrea the Faultless. An additional interest attaches to his name, not only from the unhappiness of his life, and its sad close, but from the fact that he was the last of the illustrious line of Florentine painters, in whom poetic feeling and refined *Art* were harmoniously united. The time was now fast approaching when certain outer forms and manners distinctive of Michael Angelo, and other consummate artists, were degraded by a blind general admiration to mere idols of Art,

in ignorance of the spirit which alone gives them value, and in neglect of nature, and original conception and feeling. Already the inspiration derived from the medieval form of religion had passed away; and now the more purely natural graces which had succeeded it, were, from this subjugation of fancy and feeling, to give way in their turn to academical pedantries, theatrical posturings, and vapid affectations of sentiment. Thus the natural sense of truth and beauty was superseded by the false vanities of the schools; which fully implies, of course, that imagination and spirit succumbed to unfeeling mannerisms. Art, with astonishing rapidity, sunk low indeed. Meanwhile, under the tyranny of the degenerate later Medici, the corruption of society was undermining that which alone could have checked such decline—the vigorous national life, feeling, and thought of better times, of which the genius of the gifted was but as a concentrative mirror, or refined essence. For the mind of even the greatest artist is ever keenly susceptible of the surrounding influences: it receives their colouring from his childhood upwards; and as sympathy and appreciation are the necessary fuel of his fire, and success is the very condition of his career, he is still impelled and tempted in every way to adapt himself to those about him.

And now the Church itself was beginning to administer to him corruption in a new form. The old severe ascetic spirituality was no longer suited to a more softly and warmly illuminated age; and so it became expedient to substitute for it in Art, imposing displays of sentimentality of a softer and more theatrical kind. Hence the pictures of this class of expression, which more and more prevailed during the period we are now approaching, and for which the painters themselves have of late been sometimes made entirely responsible, with much shallow and partial severity; for it is obvious that the priesthood itself infused and encouraged this degenerate spirit, which is further apparent in the precisely analogous corruption at the same time of the other Arts under their patronage. But to return to Andrea del Sarto. Though his genius was not strong and independent enough wholly to resist these declining tendencies, it is his high distinction that numbers of his works are amongst the last shining protests against them. They are like sunset rays after a glorious day, when the withdrawing light is become soft and tender, yet still retains gleams of a truly heavenly character.

This *Raffaellino* of *Florence* was born in 1488, five years after Raphael d'Urbino, whom he survived ten years. His personal instructor was Piero di Cosimio, a naturalistic painter of the quaint and meagre old style; but apparently he formed himself chiefly by the study of Fra Bartolomeo, and Albertinelli, of whose modes of conception and execution his own may be termed a more humanly tender, and soft variation. When young, he is said to have dedicated his leisure to drawing from the cartoons of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, excelling every other student employed in the same manner; and certainly we have found instances in which the influence of Da Vinci operated exquisitely in his earlier works, as that of Buonaroti did more questionably in his later ones. In this notice of Andrea, we shall consider his frescos first, separately, and his oil pictures afterwards; because, on the whole, his earlier characteristics most prevail in the first, and his latter in the others. His principal frescos are the two series at *Florence*; the one (only in chiaroscuro) at the suppressed convent of *Lo Scalzo*, and the Barefooted Friars, and the other (unrivalled for tender warm colour) in the court before the Church of the Annunziata. The Scalzo frescos, representing

in twelve compartments the History of St. John the Baptist, were begun first, in his twenty-third year, but continued after parts of the other series, at two intervals during fifteen years; so that they illustrate the progress of his style from an early to a late period. Even in the first painted, notwithstanding the youthful shortcomings, you are struck with the grace of the drawing and composition. In the others, executed much later, his merits in this respect are fully developed. But your delight in the whole series arises chiefly from something rare indeed in Florentine pictures—namely, the expression, in union with beauty and grace, of naive innocence and simplicity of a more purely human cast than usual, and for the most part cheerful, tending to smiles; the slight development of *intellect* in the countenances being atoned for by the sweetness of *heart* and *spirit* they discover. These amiable beings, created by our dear Andrea's pencil (for such works give you an affection for their author), strike one as something between the pure gracefulness of Raphael, and the lively, boyish innocence of Correggio. The stories, moreover, are told in an unaffectedly simple, mildly expressive manner; a poetical conception of domestic life, a refined fondness for it, being a prominent and delightful characteristic. Here the feeling, the costumes, and general treatment remind one something of the more elegant modern German designs; though, now and then, the postures and the lines have a spice of the grand Michael Angelesque; for, as Vasari says, the last of these works were painted after Andrea had enlarged his manner by the study of Buonaroti. In portraying the horrible events of the Baptist's life, the painful sanguinary details are concealed by a gentle spirit embodied in figures interposed very ingeniously. The humanly gentle Andrea is far more coy of such objects than the seraphically gentle Angelico.

The five frescos in the Annunziata, representing the miracles of San Filippo Benizi, the founder of the order of Servites, to which the adjacent church belongs, come next in order of date after the two first compartments in the Scalzo series; and they were commenced in Andrea's twenty-fourth year, not completed then, as that most seraphically absent man, Rio, states. Andrea, like our own Goldsmith, a tender-hearted genius, was, like him, but weak and wandering in the ways of the world, and very easily duped. The artful sacristan, Fra Mariano, who now treated with him, soon discovering this, persuaded him that his fame would be so much extended by his painting the vestibule of the most popular church in *Florence*, that he really ought not to be anxious about payment, but, even though not invited, should have applied for the work, without any alloy of sordid considerations. There was that rising, and certainly very spirited young man, Franciabigio (formerly Andrea's fellow lodger and assistant), had already been there, secretly, three or four times, and fully appreciating the vast advantages of such a position, had eagerly offered to execute the whole for pure fame, and any little trifles that the good fathers would, optionally, add to the bargain. This last bait fully succeeded; and, indeed, the simple painter's ambition, or professional jealousy, was so thoroughly roused, that he actually became fidgety until an agreement was drawn up, securing to him the whole work, beyond risk of envious interlopers, at the magnificent recompence of ten ducats a picture. Rio says that "although mystical exaltation was foreign to Andrea del Sarto, his genius was, nevertheless, occasionally elevated and purified by the atmosphere of the cloisters." No slight tribute this, in itself, to the painter's meekness and powers of spiritual abstraction; since the



cloister was to him so long an atmosphere of priestly avarice, and penurious toil! The first three of the series which, in consequence of this superb bargain, decorates the recently glazed court before the church, represent S. Filippo Benizzi clothing the naked, reprobating certain blasphemers, and delivering a woman from an evil spirit. These earlier pictures are somewhat rude and unformed in style; and the second of them indicates weakness in the delineation of the more violent passions. Then follow those two frescos which appear to us to be his masterpieces, so far as pure tenderness of feeling is concerned. In the first, S. Filippo is lying dead; the brethren of his order and others mourning around; and seated upright on the ground, in front, is a child, who has been restored to life by touching the bier on which the saint lies extended. A mild and gentle sorrow pervades the bystanders—a sorrow softening, through the unseen holy Dove, to resignation. Some figures of youths in the peculiarly refined elegance of their drapery, and general air, are quite in the manner and spirit of Leonardo; yet it is seldom Andrea directly imitates. The last of the S. Filippo Benizzi series, and we think decidedly the most beautiful in feeling of all Andrea's productions, represents a priest about to heal some naked children, by placing the saint's clothes on their heads. He stands in front of the altar, with women and children before him. One child in arms stoops down towards another with engaging liveliness of expression; the smiling fondness of the mothers, too, is delightfully rendered. On each side a youth in red drapery approaches the altar. They are, perhaps, too much counterparts, but quite manifestly pious, single-hearted young men. An infirm old man hobbling in, with his hand on his knee, is said to be a portrait of the sculptor, Andrea della Robbia, the nephew of Luca, who carved that delightfully jocund frieze of the singers. The figures are somewhat thinly scattered and small for the size of the picture: the simplicity of composition is a natural expression of the sentiment; and so is the mild warm colouring, full of sunny light, and unusually pleasing for a fresco. A delicate red is here Andrea's brightest and most favourite tint in draperies; and all the other hues are likewise softly tempered into a warm and tender harmony. An air of innocence and affection prevails, to which all the various means of Art thus minister; and above all, the figures are guileless and amiable true men and women, whose humanity has not been washed out by those monkish waters of purification. This fresco is the loveliest Florentine picture in Florence, combining more completely than any other, the expression of true and genuine religious elements of the gentler kind, such as are proper to human beings; the angelical hybrids of the Fra Beato of Fiesole being, we doubt not, much too abstract, exclusive, and monotonous in their imaginations and sympathies, and materially deficient in what we will venture to term the true Catholic geniality. Rio, who expatiates at large on some of the other pictures here, only alludes to the colouring of this one, the finest of all. But as expression becomes more and more human, it only seems, in the eyes of this spiritually supercilious and thoroughly emasculated writer, to sink more and more into mere "naturalism," and is nick-named accordingly. He has devoted several unctuous, incense-fumy pages to vapid praise of Andrea del Sarto, qualified by equally vapid regrets on account of his assumed shortcomings; but there is not a syllable pointing out the particular kind of beauty that gives their distinguishing value to his works.

The left side of the court of the S. S. Annunziata was thus finished, when poor

Andrea, finding the promised celebrity a little too dear, wished to escape; but all he could gain was a modification of the terms to the production of two more pictures only, with a slight increase of payment. By far the most pleasing of the two works which now appeared on the right side of the court, is the Birth of the Virgin. Santa Anna, the mother, sits languidly up in bed, with two women taking food to her. She contemplates the new-born infant, whom some women, seated by the fire, are washing and clothing. A boy in a long garment, beside them, warming his hands, under a magnificent old chimney-piece, is verily a little darling. Two elegant ladies have come to visit Santa Anna. They are attired handsomely in coifs and hanging sleeves, very much in the fashion of Catharine Parr or Ann Boleyn. A domestic scene this is, not of holy times and characters, but an elegant lying-in levée at Florence, in Andrea's own days. Mona Maddalena di Giovanni degli Albizzi has just brought an infant into the world; and the ladies of the Tornabuoni and Soderini have called to offer their congratulations, and any little services that may be needful. That is all: but it must be a very fine ideal representation indeed of the Virgin's birth, for which we would willingly exchange so graceful, so picturesque a glimpse of the painter's times. We went more than once to enjoy it. There was no more favourite place of resort with us in Florence, than the cloisters adorned with these frescos; and when the absence of the old custode prevented us from entering the glazed arcade itself, we were content to linger and gaze through the panes on Andrea's coiffed and pelissed Florentine ladies, and on the amiable innocence assembled round San Filippo's representative, where not only are children healed by the touch of his raiment, but those who accompany them seem to be made gentle and gracious by his lingering spirit. A lively reflection from the evening glow outside would, at these moments, penetrate the silent cloister, and overspread every painting, heightening to a most rich and splendid tone that milder warmth, which is so delightfully characteristic of Andrea del Sarto. Then, indeed, in his tomb here, he might be said, to lie enshrined in the glow of his own frescos.

But even whilst we were thus admiring in quietude the picture of the Madonna's birth, the anniversary of that event was being observed with fluttering and crowded splendour in the adjoining church, the most sumptuously furnished and popular one in Florence. Its roof and arches are all frivolous with modern paintings of cupid-like cherubs, and other such beings, in a taste fit for a concert-room. Before the choir rises the baldacchino, all gilding, with a coloured image of the Madonna in the middle.* A splendid crown and robes adorn her; nevertheless, a crowd of glittering swords pierces her flaming uncovered heart; but, again, notwithstanding these lower agonies, her rosy looks and eye of upturned blue beam with the softest placidities of sentiment. Numberless wax candles are dotted around; numberless little silver hearts offered to her fill an immense frame on one side; and formerly innumerable models of legs and arms, which she is believed to have freed from disease by her intervention, were hung all about; but having not unfrequently fallen on the heads of her votaries beneath, and also on the works of Art, doing them serious injury, their removal was judiciously deemed advisable. During the entire season of the Madonna's great festival, every arch in the nave, and in the sumptuous semi-

circular choir designed by Leon Alberti, remains hung with the richest crimson silk damask curtains, adorned by heavy gold cords and fringe, so that on the whole the church looks as like a splendid drawing-room as well can be. We could not, at the time, possibly help calling it the Madonna's principal levee or reception-room in Florence. And we certainly found in it, on one of these grand fêtes, more energy of devotion than it had previously been our lot to witness in Italy. The church was absolutely full, and now of smarter people, with a bright sprinkling of bonnets, not unworthy of Hyde Park in the month of May, amongst them; and in place of the languid drawlings and mutterings of an ordinary mass, the priests chanted with extraordinary vigour; and the *Sancta Maria*, taken up by the crowd in the ever-recurring responses, testified to the very roof their lively enthusiasm. Had the object of these orisons been indeed "the Mother of the Trinity, who offered her Son for the salvation of mankind," as some of their writers have gone the length of contending, they could not have accosted her with more vehemence of worship. Presently we perceived, amidst a gaily variegated living lane, the priests glittering and fuming along in procession towards the Michelozzo Chapel; and there they resumed their genuflexions before an altar of silver, crowded by a pile of plate that almost vied with one of the silversmith's displays at our great Exhibition. Beside this sumptuous chapel, we found an oratory lined around and under foot with the richest *pietra-dura*, representing the lily, the star, the rose, the moon, and other emblems of the Madonna, in the costliest various-tinted marbles, shining beneath draperies of lace, delicate as the tissues of frost-work that curtain the nymphs of the glaciers. We could not but tread as on eggs amongst these dainty splendours (fearful, moreover, as we were sensibly, of interrupting the worshippers), in our endeavour to catch a glance at the miraculous picture which is displayed on the occasion, to eclipse, in popular interest, the softly painted head of our Saviour, by Andrea del Sarto, on the adjacent altar. Rio, however, graciously admits that this last "is not unworthy of the position which it occupies near the other—that miraculous work which has continued to be for six hundred years the mysterious object of popular devotion." The artist, it seems, fell asleep, exhausted with his vain endeavours to represent the Virgin's face, when an angel came and completed his task. But, alas, how ill this angel painted! It was on another occasion we heard in this church the prayer which the archbishop had ordered to be offered up periodically to Noah, imploring him to intercede for the remission of that destructive disease of the vine, which, unhappily, seems assuming a chronic form. It is a very copious petition, composed with the bluntest euphony, certainly; but we cannot help questioning the judgment, not to say the delicacy, of particularly addressing Noah on the subject; for, indeed, are not his recollections of this plant of a rather humbling character; and can we suppose him eminently desirous of encouraging that through which he himself received so much moral deterioration?

But returning to Andrea, we must now proceed, in the second place, to notice his oil pictures, which chiefly belong to a later part of his career, and, on the whole, denote a further development of his splendid technical powers, rather than of that pure innocent tenderness of spirit which we have been admiring in his frescos. It is a difference for which his unfortunate wedded life perhaps accounts in no slight degree; for surely it is less to be expected that sweet and placid conceptions should grow in a brain continually teased by a rest-

* To prevent the possibility of such a charge of irreverence as would be unjust and most injurious, let it be understood, once for all, that there is no identity whatever in the writer's mind between the Blessed Virgin and these figures of the Madonna; no, no more than between her and Juno, the ancient, or classical, "Queen of Heaven."

less and importunate woman, than that the less tender and thoughtful requisites of Art should flourish in such a condition of things. We must now shift the scene from the Annunziata to the Pitti, where the great collection of Andrea's easel pictures is to be met with. Indeed, so far as the general effect of the halls there is concerned, his works form their most imposing ornament. We counted five large altar-pieces, besides several others of considerable size; and nearly all are of that soft, warm, splendour of colour, which, heightened—rather too much for their own sakes—by varnish, and surrounded by fresh and sumptuous gildings, gives them a truly magnificent aspect in the *coup d'œil*. In the first hall you are immediately much taken with two of these altar pieces, both Assumptions of the Virgin, the one principally a repetition of the other. The Madonna is his pretty wife raised into the clouds, in the act of prayer, and supported by a living garland of little cupid-like angels. Her eyes are large and dark; her features small, but regular: here, at least, flirt and virago as she was, she looks serene and gentle enough. Foremost amongst the worshippers kneeling beneath, is one whose face is a portrait of her luckless Andrea, looking round out of the picture, with uncommonly large animated eyes, but a physiognomy in other respects indicative of weakness of character. Much beauty and gentleness of feeling may be found in this picture, obscured by artificialness of arrangement; for the figures are but too obviously assisting in a display for artistical purposes, combined with those ecclesiastical objects, in furtherance of which a softer sentimentalism in all the Arts is now beginning to be encouraged, as, in the softer temper of the times, more conducive to *éclat* and effect than the old severer forms. But whatever may be the regret for a decline in conception and feeling of this kind, which seems indeed to have been the general tendency, let not the painter be deprived of the honour here due to him as a graceful and brilliant improver in the more technical elements of his art. The beautiful light melting execution, and the colouring, combining a warm harmonious splendour to a singular degree with delicacy and tenderness, are his own, and stand by themselves in Florentine Art. An altar-piece uniting similar beauties with a more manly force of expression, is Andrea's famous "Dispute on the Trinity." Four saints stand side by side. Of these, Augustine moves vehemently towards Peter the Dominican, who, in the excitement of the argument, holds up a book with earnest indignant action; St. Francis (ever mild in manner) seems more gently persuasive; and the youthful St. Lawrence listens with attention, yet modestly hesitates, in deference to the conflicting opinions of his elders. A figure kneels on each side: one is Lucrezia, Andrea's wife, in the character of Santa Maria Maddalena, throwing up her fine dark eyes with devout fervour, or that which finely simulates it; the other, a most feminine St. Sebastian with a nude back, and golden-brown hair, and green drapery, is exquisitely painted. Here we have forcible and dignified expression, nice shades of character and feeling, life that animates the room, and an execution and splendour of colour rarely equalled. Ah, poor *Andrea senza Errore!* one exclaims. At the advanced period of his career when he painted this—his "culminating period" it is called—he was still in wretched poverty. Not only had he the father and all the sisters of his wife devouring everything he gained, but his remuneration itself was only scanty, partly, no doubt, in consequence of his timid shy inaptitude for dealing with the hard men of the world.

There are smaller pictures by Andrea in the Pitti, with many slender quaintish figures, often

in exceedingly tight pantaloons gay as harlequins' eggs; the whole painted with a softness almost vapid. These were originally furniture panels. Francesco Borgherini was bent on adorning one of his apartments with coffers for hereditary vestments, backs of chairs, and seats of different forms, besides a magnificent bedstead of walnut-wood—a very throne, no doubt, for Sleep, on which one would, it is likely, be too much quickened by restless admiration of carvings and miniatures, to sink very readily into her balmy embraces. So he engaged for the work the pencils not only of Andrea, but Granacci and Pontormo; and the three vied with extraordinary care in embellishing these beautiful articles, so characteristic of Florentine taste. Andrea not unfrequently sleeps through a Holy Family picture—as who does not?—repeating the same monotonous inexpressive mannerisms; *his* misfortune being the constant haunting on the tip of his pencil of his wife's pretty, but somewhat fretful and inharmonious face; and a grimacing idea of childhood—for his children commonly swarm about their mothers with the roguish air of little Pucks, or sometimes with most unmirthful simulation of laughter. Sometimes, nevertheless, a more refined spiritual tenderness approaches the blessed mindedness of those sweet frescos which he produced in his calm, free, unmolested, bachelor days, and equals, we think, the work of any Florentine. His "Annunciation," a somewhat early picture in the Hall of Jupiter, is particularly distinguished by this excellence: of the three angels, Gabriel who kneels with a lily branch in his hand, has a look highly tender and fervid. We would couple this work with that flower of his maturest time, *his pathetic picture*, the Deposition from the Cross, which at least equals the adjacent Fra Bartolomeo of the same subject, and *is* original, and "not almost entirely borrowed from that picture," as Rio affirms, but altogether different. Andrea painted it for the Camaldolese nuns at Mugello amongst the Apennines, where with his wife, his sister-in-law, and step-daughter, he had retired for refuge from the plague. The whole company in this Pietà is mourning, gracefully indeed, but undeniably, with true-hearted depth. The Magdalene, kneeling at Christ's feet, gazes on him wildly, with raised hands clasped beside her cheek; and her characteristic excitability contrasts vividly with the more solemnly restrained grief of all the others.

Andrea's stay with the nuns amongst the mountains, whilst he painted this picture, is represented as one of the few green spots of his existence. Pleased with the country air and quiet, and with the constant proofs of friendliness bestowed by those venerable ladies on his family and himself, he lingered his sojourn, and, as we see, painted with more than his usual fineness and tenderness of feeling. His looks, probably, were meanwhile in a state of transition between the aspects of his first and second very interesting autographic portraits in the Uffizi. In the former of these he is thin, thoughtful, melancholy, with large impressive eyes, a steady penetrating gaze, worthy so excellent a painter: the second represents him later in life, fatter and more placid and common-place looking. But a third picture in the Pitti representing him, together with his wife, is dramatic and singularly significant. His hand is on her shoulder, and he addresses her with an air of melancholy entreaty; his countenance here lamentably indicative of weakness and irresolution. She, meanwhile, looks out of the picture, perfectly unmoved, holding a letter.—She has, we ween, been rating him for coming back from France, from wealth abroad to poverty at home, and now holds her own letter imploring his return, which he has humbly placed in her hands as some extenuation.

When first Andrea met with her, she was

the wife of a cap-maker. Though of a family low both in means and repute, she gave herself airs, and was flirtish, delighting above all things, says the biographer, in catching the hearts of men. Recanati, her husband, suddenly dying, Andrea married her, without a word to his friends, and much to their disgust; for highly esteeming his talents and prospects, they thought the alliance most derogatory. But it was soon manifest that he had destroyed his inner peace as well as his outer respectability, and become not only grievously wife-ridden, but jealous, and not only jealous, but still more lamentably an altered person; for the artful Lucrezia wrought upon him to abandon his own indigent parents, whom he had hitherto maintained out of his scanty earnings, and adopt her father and sisters instead; insomuch that his friends began to look coldly on him, and whenever he approached in the street, seemed to find something preferable on the other side of the way. Nay, this wife of his would scold and tease his pupils, not only with shrewish words, but a smart box on the ear, now and then. We are told so by Vasari, here surely a good authority; for "Giorgino" himself was one of them, and speaks probably from a smarting memory. "And Andrea," he adds, "thought this kind of life a high pleasure." It is certain that his very imagination became uxorious; for he rarely painted a woman's countenance without availing himself more or less of his wife's features. Many a fair tender vision, such as formerly graced his pencil, when he dwelt in "maiden meditation, fancy free," was doubtless excluded by them, or superseded before he could embody it on his canvas.

Yet he bore not his life ever with this equanimity, for we learn by and by, not that his wife's fascinations waned, but that her comorant relatives became intolerable, subjecting him to a discreditable mode of existence, and a poverty from which it seemed impossible to rise. It must have been amidst this state of things that he received the following letter from Benvenuto Cellini; we picked it up the other day, much torn and crumpled, whilst walking in the garden of our fancy somewhere a little out of the Via Larga. Our friend Benvenuto does not seem quite to hit the particular circumstances; and yet perhaps he descends acutely to that foundation of the evil which wholly comprehends the rest.

ANDREA, MIO CARO.—You are vexed, I hear, at some remarks imputed to me by that pestilent fellow, Bandinelli, touching your domestic infelicity. He lies. There is no more truth in his tongue than in his blundering and inescrutable chisel. When next we meet, I will take my solemn oath on the gospels that my tender heart has hitherto only wept in respectful silence over those unhappy circumstances which, more even than you can imagine, are the universal topics of conversation. But to maintain this silence with yourself individually, were simply unkindness, since it really seems to me that a little friendly advice and counsel are alone wanting for your enfranchisement. For naturally in our isolation we shrink from the application of those bolder remedies of which we should avail ourselves with entire comfort and confidence were they suggested and sanctioned by the counsels of an enlightened friend. My apprentice, Ascanio, interrupts me, or I should enlarge more on the philosophy and privileges of friendship, respecting which I have just been holding a masterly discourse with the divine Benedetto Varchi. Inspired, however, by the exalted subject, I cannot do less, my dear Andrea, than implore you to arouse yourself to that firmness which your treacherous heart alone can have hitherto kept aloof from your noble and manly will. When milder medicines fail, we proceed at once to specifics of a violent nature, which, from the pains they inflict on ourselves also, do, in fact, evince more affection towards the object of them, than those softer remedies before ineffectually administered. We have, in your case, plainly, it is manifest, got beyond the proper season of emollients; and were I you—now comes the very pith of my advice—I should, I candidly admit, in the case of this intolerable woman, have recourse to such stout and copious correction as would probably resound through the whole *borgo*. And yet, all the while, a ministry of infinite love would it be, whipping, not her, in the deeper or *esoteric* sense, but out of her the devil who torments her as much as me, and is not to be reached otherwise. To emblemize which motive, the twigs should, at least some of them, be flowery, and bound together with rose-coloured ribbons, their power being superficially irritative, not profoundly detrimental, in fact, not operative much beyond the inferior cuticle. Thus should I, with an art that reminds me of my goldsmith's craft (as

specially exemplified in the incomparable ornament I have recently wrought for his eminence the Cardinal Gaddi), forge the first link in the true chain of connubial love, which is fear, the second being respect, and the third, love. The light of love, surrounded and set off by the shadows of terror, compose the true chiaroscuro of wedded life. There is no love worth having without respect and reverence, of which the strongest foundation is undoubtedly fear. Besides, how much more delight and pride will she derive from your endearments when they are contrasted with your manly severity, when their preciousness is enhanced by their precariousness! Commanding you to the protection of the Deity, I remain, your affectionate,

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

It was in this abject state of his affairs that Andrea received an invitation from Francis I. Advised by anxious friends, he accordingly repaired to his court, and there the poor man seemed conducted at once from the depths of sordid anxiety to the height of prosperity and ease. The French King did his utmost to retain him in his service, for he was pleased with the readiness and punctuality of his pencil, and his high satisfaction with all about him. But suddenly, in a luckless hour, came an artful letter from his wife, full of bitter complaints, and tender entreaties for his return. He had adequately provided for her; he had even ordered a house to be built for them both, behind the Nunziata; and given assurances that he might be back at any time, laden with money. But with this restless, wretched woman, the inconveniences of the present hour outweighed all the golden future. So she wrote that she never ceased to bedew her deserted pillow with widow's tears, and that if he delayed his return, he would certainly find her, no mistress of that fine imaginary house by the Nunziata, but in her cold grave. The foolish man gave way: he obtained leave of absence for the arrangement of his affairs, swearing to return within a few months, and set out with a considerable sum, which the king entrusted to him, for the purchase of works of Art. At home once more, he lived gaily with his wife, making handsome presents to her father and sisters, but doing nothing for his own parents, whom he would not even see—alas, for the painter of the little children being healed by the garments of San Filippo Benizzi! They were suffered by him to end their days in poverty and misery.

About this time it was, probably, that Andrea signalled himself as a convivialist at the clubs of the Cauldron and the Trowel, of which Vasari gives an account in his life of Rustici, the sculptor. These societies, consisting chiefly of artists, wits, and bon vivants, but including gentlemen of the highest families, were wont to sup together, and divert themselves in an astonishingly quaint and fanciful manner. The Brotherhood of the Cauldron feasted in an enormous boiler, whose overarching handle was illuminated with lamps, and its sides with pictures. In the midst, a tree, branching with the various courses, rose and descended to the sound of unseen musical instruments, and every member had to contribute a dish exhibiting some fanciful external device, as well as refinement in the culinary art. Andrea once brought as his contribution an exquisite model of the Florentine Baptistry. The pavement was a mosaic of various-tinted jellies; the porphyry columns were thick sausages, with capitals of Parmesan cheese, and cornices of sugar-work. In the centre was a singing-desk made of cold veal, the book on which was delicately wrought of pastry, with musical notes represented by pepper-corns. On the roof being removed, a number of choristers made of thrushes, dressed in surplices of lard, were discovered standing before the desk, their beaks wide open, as in the act of earnestly chanting; and behind them, to complete the group, stood two very fat pigeons as contra-bassi, with half a dozen ortolans officiating as sopranis. This delectable device was worthily hailed

with bursts of applause, and Andrea was immediately proclaimed King of the Feast. It is at one of these meetings that he read a comic poem from his own pen, in imitation of the *Batrachomyomachia*, in which, at the end of every canto, he thanks the Signori of the Cauldron for their patient hearing of his verses.

The other society, that of the Trowel, was distinguished, not only for the whimsicality of the practical jests, but for the fanciful beauty of the *tableaux vivans* contrived by distinguished artists belonging to the club. On one occasion, the members were to come in fancy dresses; but any two similarly attired were liable to a ludicrous penalty. Another time, the company presented themselves in the guise of masons; when architectural structures composed of delicious eatables were submitted to their criticism, and if condemned, eaten, until suddenly, a cleverly-contrived shower of rain enforced a general dispersion. Another time an invitation to supper came as from Pluto; and the guests were ushered through the mouth of an enormous dragon into a chamber nearly dark, where devils thrust them into their seats, and served what seemed Tartarean reptiles, and even bones and refuse of the grave; but moral courage and faith in their host were rewarded by the very ecstasies of the palate. Meanwhile fires glared fitfully, and the abysses of the damned were momentarily displayed, and fearful groans resounded; and sometimes the spirits of the guests themselves were satirically represented as paying the penalty of their trespasses: when in a moment, *hey presto!* the whole vanished, and the apartment was seen mildly illuminated, and set forth with a banquet in the most cheerful and elegant manner. Over waves the greenest and most silvery pasteboard could accomplish, then came curtseying to the guests, affably, a ship from the Hesperian Isles, laden with bonbons, which were distributed by the mariners amongst the guests; and the entertainment ended with the comedy of *Philogenia*, most beautifully decorated. But the expense of these meetings becoming extravagant, a warning was needful, and it was given. The members were invited to a seeming almshouse, to which, as was signified, they had brought themselves down by their lavishness. Certain wags already there, dressed up as paupers, straightway began between themselves a dialogue full of sarcasms on those who squander their substance in frivolous luxuries; but presently Sant' Antonio entering, tempered their excessive bitterness with the sweetness of a milder homily, and delivering the guests from the poor-house, invited them to a more moderate repast within, on condition of economy for the future. When the most accomplished artists were on the managing committee, their spectacles were no doubt well worth looking at. In a certain representation of a dispute on the Trinity, Sant' Andrea was exhibited as commanding that heaven should be opened, all vocal with the choirs of angels! And a wonderful display it was, Vasari assures us. On another occasion, Andrea del Sarto and Sansovino assisted in designing the scenery of Tartarus and Elysium, with a manifestation of the heathen gods, each with their proper attributes, and fanciful inventions of their blissful gardens, poetically meteoric with pyrotechnics, from which, we must imagine, as from their own opening planets, or expanding petals of flowers, or coruscating bowsers of rainbow-tinted meteors, these graceful deities emerged. Mona Lucrezia probably here made a fine demonstration. Did she come forth as the blooming Ceres, eared with gold?—Her haughty mien, and “the large orbs of her resplendent eyes,” are Juno's rather. With what admiration must Andrea have gazed on her. “If Hercules is thus bound by the light threads from Omphale's

distaff, and great Jove himself even by the not I, a weak mortal, whose consecrating gift is appreciation of beauty, by the attractions of the enchanting *Lucrezia di Baccio del Fede?* Why not, why not?” But there must have been momentary drawbacks amidst this enjoyment. Passing thoughts of his neglected parents can not have been consolatory. The period, too, at which he had engaged to return to France was fast arriving, and the French king's money had slipped away for his own purposes.* Furbishing up his rusty honour, however, he resolved to throw himself at the French king's feet; but here again his wife prevailed. Nuptial endearments, honeymoon revivals, fast falling pearls from the inexhaustible treasury of the finest eyes he had ever ventured to look into, ignominiously bribed him, and he remained—remained at Florence, with a load of dishonour and self-upbraiding added to his other miseries. We all condemn him freely, because we feel—we know that we could not ourselves be thus seduced from probity. “Unyoke us from your arms, fair dame; for in this cause we would far preferably kiss the hem of *Francia*.” The French king, meanwhile, in high dungeon, roundly swore that if ever that *Fils du Tailleur* fell into his hands, he would do him some harm or other. From time to time compunction revisited the painter, and he even devised means of regaining circuitously the king's favour; but, finally, his fickleness or all-engrossing poverty prevailed, and they were never carried out. And now suddenly breaks the thread of this poor life of mingled honour and dishonour. Andrea died at the age of forty-two, of fever. “No remedy was found; nor were many cares bestowed on him, his wife withdrawing herself, as much as she could, for fear of the infection. He died almost without any one being aware of it.”†

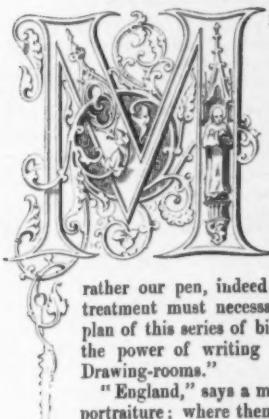
Poor Andrea del Sarto! His desertion of his parents is the worst; but apart from conduct thus wholly inexcusable, we are not hasty to condemn absolutely and unreservedly hen-pecked men; especially those who of feeble constitution, or temperament, are absorbed, to the stretch of their powers, in some most needful business, or trying intellectual pursuit. When fatigued—when perhaps exhausted by such cares, it is much, surely, that they should be expected to begin a new struggle with some foolish untameable woman, who can only be kept down, either by weak submissiveness, or such correction as will convert the whole neighbourhood into her allies, in the name of oppressed womanhood. If we add the insidious treachery of our hearts, which growing stronger even as our bewildered heads grow weaker, and taking the part of the beloved tormenter, is ever whispering sweet memories and fancies in her favour; if we add her look, so like that with which she gave her heart, and yet so piteously different, and our will admit that the maintenance of matrimonial lordship is sometimes beset with exceeding difficulty, and will be slow to condemn, even so far as his gentle biographer has done, this most ill-starred painter.

* Notwithstanding the encouragement in *Frazer*, the two pictures Andrea painted there, now in the Louvre, are but mannered and uninteresting. The Holy Family, in which the two children seem to be crying piteously and unmeaningly, in feeble every way. In the other work, two well-grown boys, whom it is high time to wear, rest, with queer grimaces, intended for joy, on the bosom of a very heavy, stupid-looking woman, intended for Charity. Here is too much of that artistic display, for the inappropriate introduction of which into such subjects, M. Angelo is not slightly responsible; but let it not be thought, for a moment, that such works adequately represent Andrea del Sarto.

† [Andrea Vannucchi, commonly known as Andrea del Sarto, died at Florence, of the plague which visited that city in 1530, as Vasari says; but in a book printed at Venice in 1548, he is assumed to be then still alive.—Ed. A. J.]

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

NO. XLVII.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.



rather our pen, indeed essays the same subject, but our mode of treatment must necessarily be far different, in conformity with the plan of this series of biographical notices, even were we gifted with the power of writing like the author of "Lawrence in London Drawing-rooms."

"England," says a modern French Art-critic, "is the country of portraiture; where then shall portrait-painting be sought for, if not in a nation so personal; and which, by its manners, its institutions, and even its religion, attaches so great importance to the individual?"

What a magnificent career was that of Lawrence! exciting at five or six years of age universal admiration—weeping with jealousy, in his ninth year, before a picture by Rubens—his father a man whose speculations in business always failed him, an innkeeper incapable even of maintaining that position,—the young artist finds himself almost at a single leap,—without the exercise of endurance or intrigue,—the favourite painter of kings, of great ministers, of lovely children, of ladies whose sweet, proud faces are characteristic of the English aristocracy; passing his life in conferring an immortality upon those whose position or beauty deserves such distinction. . . . There is nothing in this which ought to astonish, Lawrence not only possessing merit, but that particular kind requisite for success in the country which has given to him his reputation."

And when crowned heads, and ermine nobles, and decorated warriors, and jewelled foreheads, sat before the easel of the fashionable painter, how few among them knew, or cared to know, that the courtly Lawrence, whose genius they invoked, was the son of a comparatively obscure government official, and subsequently, the landlord of an inn in a small country town! It was sufficient for them that he could hand down to posterity their "form and lineaments;" that he could exhibit to the people, present and to come, the image of those whose lives and actions had become part of the world's history. The excise-officer's son, though in person one of nature's aristocracy, would have had no passport to the notice of the great, if nature had not also endowed him with talents which, in their especial application, placed him on a level with rank and birth: such is the homage due, and rendered, to genius.

Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769. Soon after his birth, his parents removed to Devizes, where his father became landlord of the White Bear, a house much frequented by the nobility and gentry visiting Bath. The elder Lawrence soon found he had a prodigy in his boy, whom he instructed to recite poetry for the amusement of his guests and the gratification of his paternal pride; so that the talents of the child were in great danger of being misdirected, and their power weakened, by the injudicious conduct of his father, who, although conscious that there was in him a manifest love of Art, accompanied with a natural gift for its exercise, offered no other encouragement to its development than permission to visit some of the picture collections in the neighbourhood; and it was while making one of these visits,—to Corsham House, the residence of Mr. Paul Methuen,—that the child, being missed by his friends, was found standing before a picture by Rubens; and, as he was led away from the spot, he murmured with a sigh, "Ah, I shall never paint like that!"

At the age of ten he painted his own portrait, which was engraved by Dean, and published in Williams's "Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Law-

rence." He must have been at that time a remarkably fine and handsome boy, and his intelligence, spirit, and talents, in addition, rendered him a general favourite with every one. His father brought him out first at Weymouth, then a fashionable watering-place; afterwards at Oxford, and subsequently at Bath. His crayon portraits were eagerly sought after; the price for them at first was a guinea, but they were soon raised to a guinea and a half: he executed them with great rapidity, in black chalk heightened with white. Young Lawrence generally received four sitters each day, giving to each person about half an hour, and continuing another half-hour on the work after the sitter had left. At the age of thirteen or fourteen a gentleman of rank offered the sum of one thousand pounds to allow of his going to study at Rome, but it was refused by the father, who said "his son's talents required no cultivation." In 1787 the elder Lawrence brought the youth to London, and introduced him to Reynolds. In September of the same year he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy: "his proficiency in drawing at that time," said Mr. Howard, the late Secretary and Academician, "was such as to leave all his competitors in the antique school far behind him. His personal attractions were as remarkable as his talent; altogether he excited a great sensation, and seemed to the admiring students as nothing less than a young Raphael suddenly dropped among them. He was very handsome, and his chestnut locks flowing on his shoulders gave him a romantic appearance." Lawrence was unquestionably born under a lucky star: he had begun oil-painting some little time ere he came to London, where he soon gained popularity as a portrait-painter, and was admitted into the best society in the metropolis, both literary and fashionable; and the King, George III., honoured him with an audience.

Lawrence had scarcely reached his twenty-second year when he was elected—it is said by especial desire of the King and Queen, supported by the influence of Reynolds—an Associate of the Academy (his first works were exhibited there in 1787); and three years afterwards, namely in 1794, an Academician: the annals of that society afford, we believe, no parallel case of early election to its honours. He had already been appointed, on the death of Reynolds in 1792, portrait-painter to the king, and also to the Dilettanti Society; so that at the comparatively youthful age of twenty-five he had achieved the highest distinctions, save one,—the Presidentship of the Academy,—which the monarch and the Art societies of the country could confer upon him. Commissions now came rapidly into his hands, among which were whole-length portraits of their

Majesties, intended as presents for the Emperor of China; but with all the patronage received, he became involved in difficulties, and was indebted to the late Mr. Angerstein for advances of money to meet his engagements. Late in life he acknowledges to a friend that—and many others have been compelled to make the same confession—he "began life wrongly," spending more money than he earned, and accumulating debts, for which he had to pay heavy interest.

In 1797 Lawrence exhibited at the Academy his "Satan," one of the few ideal works from his pencil; but, even had he possessed the genius for historical painting, which he certainly did not, it could scarcely have been expected that the *prestige* of his pencil in portraiture, and the society into which this inevitably led him, would, with one of his character and disposition, have been exchanged for the more laborious, thoughtful, and less attractive work of historical painting: it is quite true that many of his portraits—as for example, his "John Kemble, as Hamlet," now in the National Gallery—seem to be identified with history, yet they are only portraits.

Opie and Hoppner had been the great rivals of Lawrence in portraiture, and notwithstanding the patronage enjoyed by the latter, he often found them standing in his way: however, the death of Opie in 1807, and of Hoppner in 1810, left him a clear and undisputed field; and immediately after the latter had been removed from the scene of his labours, Lawrence raised his prices to one hundred guineas for

heads, and four hundred guineas for full-lengths, which sums he maintained till 1820. After this year, and to the period of his death, his charges were for a head size, or three quarters, two hundred guineas; for a kit-cat, three hundred; for a half-length, four hundred; for a bishop's half-length, five hundred; for a full-length, six hundred; and, for an extra full-length, seven hundred guineas. For the portraits of Lady Gower and her child he was paid fifteen hundred guineas; and for that of "MASTER LAMPTON," one of our engraved examples, and among the most renowned works of the artist, he received six hundred guineas from Lord Durham.

The termination of the protracted continental war proved a remarkable epoch in the life of Lawrence, for the visit of the allied sovereigns to England, which followed the peace in 1814, introduces us to the most important period of his professional career. He was at that time in the full meridian of popularity, the



LADY DOVER.

favourite painter of the court and the aristocracy, and it therefore naturally followed that he should be selected by the head of the court, the Prince Regent, to paint the portraits of his illustrious guests, and of the most distinguished statesmen and warriors who had contributed to bring the war to a conclusion. These portraits were intended by the prince for Windsor Castle; and they now hang there, in the "Waterloo Gallery," a name given to the apartment to denote its pictorial contents. Lawrence commenced his labours with the portraits of the King of Prussia, Count Platoff, the renowned Cossack leader, and the veteran Blucher; but the sudden renewal of hostilities in 1815, consequent on the escape of Napoleon from Elba, seemed likely to put a stop to the whole scheme. Again, however, peace was restored to Europe, by the battle of Waterloo, and the artist, now Sir Thomas Lawrence—he had been knighted by the Regent—resumed his work. In September, 1818, he set off for Aix-la-Chapelle, that he might take advantage of the congress of the allied sovereigns sitting there. In this town he painted the portraits of the Duc de Richelieu, the French minister; of Count Nesselrode, the Russian minister; Alexander I., Emperor of Russia; Francis II., Emperor of Austria; completed that of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, which was commenced in London, in 1814; and of Prince Hardenberg, the Prussian minister. In 1819 he proceeded to Vienna, where sat to him the Archduke Charles of Austria; Prince Schwarzenberg, field-marshal

and commander-in-chief of the combined armies of Austria and Russia, in 1814; Major-General Czernicheff, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia; Prince Metternich, the Austrian minister for foreign affairs; and Count Capo d'Istria, Russian secretary of state. In the same year Lawrence went to Rome, where he painted the portraits of Pope Pius VII., and his minister Cardinal Consalvo. In addition to these pictures there are in the "Waterloo Gallery," from the pencil of Lawrence, portraits of the following personages, who were more or less connected with the events of the war: "GEORGE IV., IN THE ROKES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER," one of our engraved subjects; Lord Castlereagh, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry, foreign secretary of state from 1813—1822; the Duke of York, commander-in-chief; the Earl of Liverpool, prime-minister; the late Duke of Cambridge; Charles X. of France, and his son the Duke d'Angoulême; Major-General Sir G. A. Wood, who commanded the British artillery at Waterloo; the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Waterloo, and immortalised by Byron in his "Childe Harold," in that pathetic stanza, commencing—

" Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain;"

the Duke of Wellington, the foremost man among them all; Canning; Count Alten, commander of the German Auxiliary Legion in the Spanish campaign;



NATURE.

Count Munster, Hanoverian minister in England; Earl Bathurst, secretary for the colonies; General Overoff; and Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, brother of the celebrated traveller, and Prussian foreign minister.

This series of thirty-one portraits, the majority of which are full-length, constitutes in itself a gallery of works that would do honour to any artist: the commission was one which either of Lawrence's great prototypes, Titian, Velasquez, and Vandyke, would have been proud to receive; and we believe the English painter entered upon his arduous task with a due sense of what he owed to his own reputation, to the character and position of his distinguished "sitters," and to the munificent prince who had entrusted the commission to his hands. Writing, when at Vienna, to his intimate friend, the late Mr. J. J. Angerstein, he says:—"The terms on which I undertook this mission were, to be paid my usual prices for the portraits, and £1000 for travelling expenses and loss of time. My journey to Rome will be on the same. These appear to be liberal terms, and I am sure are meant as such by the prince. The first was of my own proposing, when the question was asked me; but I must still

look to the honour I have received, and the good fortune of being thus distinguished in my profession, as the chief good resulting from it, for many unavoidable circumstances make it of less pecuniary advantage." Much importance seems to have been attached to this continental mission of the representative of British art; for the government, fearing a want of accommodation for so many pictures on a large scale, caused a wooden house, containing three large rooms, to be constructed, and shipped for Aix-la-Chapelle; but through some misadventure it did not arrive at its destination till too late for the purpose intended; but the magistrates of the city, as soon as Lawrence reached it, at once granted him the use of part of the large gallery of the Hotel de Ville, and fitted it up as a painting-room, which he confessed was the best he ever had.

It would be absurd to expect that in the peculiar circumstances under which these works were executed, and considering their variety, they would be all of uniform excellence; neither are they: a few stand out in brilliant contrast with others, though, with the exception of the portrait of Wellington,—a most

unsatisfactory production, where every Englishman would desire to see it the best,—there is not one which is not worthy of the painter. But his greatest successes are those of the venerable pope, and his minister Gonsalvo, which are esteemed the two finest pictures he ever painted, and by some authorities, the two grandest portraits of modern times. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Handbook to the Public Galleries," says of them,—"I know not any that in the combination of excellence, the noble conception, the felicitous arrangement, the truth of character, the gorgeous yet harmonious colouring, add too, in size and importance, can compare with them. Rome and the vicinity of the great works of Art seem to have inspired Lawrence. On the occasion of his visit he was lodged in the Quirinal, and treated almost with the honours of an ambassador." Lawrence himself writes, in a letter from Rome,—"The pope being an old man, his countenance has a great deal of detail in it; and a good and cheerful nature, with a clear intellect, gives it variety of expression. He is a very fine subject; and it is probable that the picture will be one of the very best I ever painted." Nor was he wrong: no one, we are persuaded, can look upon that glorious picture without feeling that he is contemplating a noble work of Art, the faithful, living representation of an aged, but highly intellectual and benignant countenance, which, when once seen, will scarcely be forgotten: it has never faded from our memory since we first saw it many years ago. The portrait has been admirably engraved by S. Cousins; it is one of his finest prints.

The portrait of Gonsalvo—or Consalvi, as some write the name—next claims especial attention; the head is not so grand as that of Pius VII., but more elegant, with a keen, resolute look, and a brow indicating intellectual energy and activity; his eyes, as Lawrence remarked, seem to follow you about, and you feel as if there was no getting out of their reach. The portraits of the Duc de Richelieu, of the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and of Blucher, are among the other most remarkable works in the gallery. The letters written by the painter to many of his friends while engaged upon this series, and which are published in Williams's "Life and Correspondence of Lawrence," are full of interesting gossip about the distinguished individuals with whom he became acquainted. In one, written from Aix-la-Chapelle to his niece, he says,—"My exertions have been repaid by complete success; the family, attendants, and subjects of each sovereign unanimously declaring that the portraits I have taken are the most faithful and satisfactory resemblances of them that have ever been painted, and the general voice of all unites in common approbation—a word, I assure you, much below the impression I use it to describe." Several of the portraits he repeated, at the request of the respective "sitters," either for themselves or to give away.

Lawrence returned to England, laden with honours, and with many substantial marks of esteem, both as an artist and a man: diamond rings from the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, a costly dessert service of Sèvres china from the King of France, by whom he was also decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, were among the gifts presented to him; and he was elected member of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, of the Academies of Florence, Venice, Bologna, Turin, and of the American Academy of Fine Arts: such distinctions have never before or since fallen to the lot of a British artist.

On the death of Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, a few days only before Lawrence had reached England from Italy, he was elected to fill the vacant chair, on which occasion the king conferred upon him the gold medal and chain to be worn by all future presidents. He died January 7, 1830, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near his predecessors in the Academical chair, Presidents Reynolds and West.

The late Mr. Howard, R.A., has, we think, formed a tolerably correct estimate of the genius of Lawrence, in the following observations:—"In the intellectual treatment of his portraits, he has produced a surprising variety of happy and original combinations; and has generally conveyed, with the feeling and invention of a poet, the best representation of his subjects, seizing the most interesting expression of countenance which belonged to each: in this respect he has shown, perhaps, a greater dramatic power than either of his illustrious rivals,"—alluding to Titian, Vandyke, Velasquez, and Reynolds,—"and certainly, in painting beauty, he yields to none. He has sometimes been censured for rather a theatrical taste in his attitudes, approaching to the meretricious, but in general they are dignified, graceful, and easy. Early in life he aimed at a depth and richness of tone more readily to be found in Titian and the best Italian colourists, than in the hues of nature in this climate; but he gradually quitted this style, and imitated closely the freshness of his models as he found them; striving to give his works the utmost brilliancy and vigour of which his materials were capable. Hence, if his pictures seldom possess the mellow sweetness of Reynolds, he often surpassed him in some of the above-mentioned qualities. In vivid and varied chiaroscuro, he has perhaps no rival, and may be said to have enlarged the boundaries of his art, changing by degrees the character of our annual exhibitions, and giving them at length one of acknowledged and unprecedented splendour. The extraordinary force and vivacity of effect, the gracefulness of his manipulation, and those animated expressions of the human face divine, which his powerful skill in drawing enabled him to fix so admirably on canvas, constitute his peculiar distinction and glory as an original artist, and his claim to the title of a man of genius."

It can scarcely be doubted that if the talent of Lawrence had not been developed at so early an age, and in that peculiar department which he so rarely forsook, he would have become a greater painter than he was. Before an ordinary child can scarcely distinguish a pen from a pencil, or one colour from another, the boy Lawrence was handling the crayon, and copying, with wonderful power and fidelity, the lineaments of his elders. Never at any period of his early life did he devote himself to such a course of discipline and study as would have enabled him to rank with the greatest men of former days; and when he had reached the years of manhood, he was too constantly and successfully employed to allow of his withdrawal from such occupation for the purpose of improvement. He possessed many of those qualities which, matured by earnest, conscientious study, would have, doubtless, made him a good historical painter: he was a fine and accurate draughtsman, had a perfect knowledge of the human figure, great mental intelligence and perception of individual character, as his portraits show; an exquisite feeling of the beautiful, the grand, and the pathetic, with a rich and luxuriant taste in landscape and background,—in



MASTER LAMBTON.

short, he seemed deficient in no one requisite. His admiration of ancient art was evinced by his large and unrivalled collection of drawings by the old masters, and of antique casts of all kinds, accumulated at a great cost. These are *prima facie* evidences that in Lawrence the British school would have found a good historical painter, but, perhaps, it would have lost a greater portrait-painter.

In a comparison of the works of Reynolds and Lawrence, it may be remarked

that the former, in the treatment of his heads, depended more upon the effect of the *chiar-oscuro* for the result; while the latter looked to the resemblance, and the local colour of the individual parts, for his likenesses: hence, though Lawrence's portraits are more life-like and intense, the features oftentimes seem to lack vigour and size. For the sake of preserving a breadth of light in the whole mask, the darks of the eyes, and the hair, look blacker than in nature, and the lips, especially of the women, look redder than life; and



GEORGE IV.

though a full red lip is a recognized sign of health and beauty, and though great intensity and individuality of character reside in the eye, yet we perceive that when these are overdone, the dignity of the art appears to be sacrificed to inferior sensations.

The engravings from his works introduced here are from pictures of established celebrity: that entitled "NATURE," representing the children of the late Mr. Calmady, is a charming composition; the portrait of "MASTER

LAMETON," is a lovely picture, full of rich imaginative feeling; that of "LADY DOVOR," and her child, refined and graceful; and that of "GEORGE IV," the *beau ideal* of one who in personal appearance was "every inch a king."

By a fortuitous circumstance another engraving from one of Lawrence's pictures appears in the present number; it is that of the Princess Charlotte, which forms one of the "Royal Pictures."

J. DAWSON.

TRAVELLING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

TRAVELLING, in the middle ages, was assisted by few, if any, conveniences, and was dangerous as well as difficult. The insecurity of the roads made it necessary for travellers to associate together for protection, as well as for company, for their journeys were slow and dull; and as they were often obliged to halt for the night where there was little or no accommodation, they had to carry a good deal of luggage. An inn was often the place

of rendezvous for travellers starting upon the same journey. It is thus that Chaucer represents himself as having taken up his quarters at the Tabard, in Southwark, preparatory to undertaking the journey to Canterbury; and at night there arrived a company of travellers bent to the same destination, who had gathered together as they came along the road:—

" At night was come into that hosterie
Wei nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure falle
In felaschipe."—*Canterbury Tales*, l. 23.

Chaucer obtains the consent of the rest to his joining their fellowship, which, as he describes it, consisted of persons most dissimilar in class and



Fig. 1.—THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

character. The host of the Tabard joins the party also, and it is agreed that, to enliven the journey, each, in his turn, shall tell a story on the way. They then sup at a common table, drink wine, and go to bed; and at day-break in the morning they start on their journey. They travelled evidently at a slow pace; and at Boughton-under-Blea—a village a few miles from Canterbury—a canon and his yeoman, after some hard riding, overtake them, and obtain permission to join the company. It would seem that the company had passed a night somewhere on the road,—probably at Rochester,—and we should, perhaps, have had an account of their reception and departure, had the collection of the "Canterbury Tales" been completed by their author; and that the canon had sent his yeoman to watch for any company of travellers who should halt at the hostelry, that he might join them, but he had

been too late to start with them, and had, therefore, ridden hard to overtake them:—

" His yeman eek was ful of curtesye,
And seid, ' Sires, now in the morwe tyde
Out of your ostel I saugh you ryde,
And warne heer my lord and soverayn,
Which that to ryden with yow is ful fayn,
For his dispot; he loveth daliaunce.'"
Canterbury Tales, l. 12515.

A little further on, on the road, the Pardoner is called upon to tell his tale. He replies:—

" It schal be doon," quod he, " and that anon.
But first," quod he, " here, at this ale-stake,
I will both drynke and byten on a cake."
Canterbury Tales, l. 13735.

The road-side ale-house, where drink was sold to travellers, and to the country-people of the neighbourhood, was scattered over the more populous and frequented parts of the country from an early



Fig. 2.—A PILGRIM AT THE ALE-STAKE.

period, and is not unfrequently to be found in popular writers. It was indicated by a stake projecting from the house, on which some object was hung for a sign, and is sometimes represented in the illuminations of manuscripts. Our cut (Fig. 2), taken from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.), represents one of those ale-houses, at which a pilgrim is halting to take refreshment. The keeper of the ale-house, in this instance, is a woman, the ale-wife, and the stake appears to be a besom. In another (Fig. 3), taken from a manuscript copy of the "Moralization of Chess," by Jacques de Cessoles,

of the earlier part of the fifteenth century (MS. Reg. 19 C. XI.), a round sign is suspended on the stake, with a figure in the middle, which may possibly be intended to represent a bush. A garland was not unfrequently hung upon the stake; on this Chaucer, describing his "sompoun," says:—

" A garland had he set upon his heed,
As gret as it were for an ale-stake."
Canterbury Tales, l. 662.

A bush was still more common, and gave rise to the proverb that "good wine needs no bush," that is, it will be easily found out without any sign to direct people to it. A bush hung out as the sign

of a tavern will be seen in our cut (Fig. 9) to the present paper.

Lydgate composed his poem of the "Storie of Thebes" as a continuation of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," and in the prologue he describes him-



Fig. 3.—THE ROAD-SIDE INN.

self as arriving in Canterbury, while the pilgrims were there, and accidentally taking up his lodging at the same inn. He thus seeks and obtains permission to be one of the fellowship, and returns from Canterbury in their company. Our cut (Fig. 1), taken from a fine manuscript of Lydgate's poem (MS. Reg. 18 D. II.), represents the pilgrims leaving Canterbury, and is not only a good illustration of the practice of travelling in companies, but it furnishes us with a characteristic picture of a mediæval town.

This readiness of travellers to join company with each other was not confined to any class of society, but was general among them all, and not unfrequently led to the formation of friendships and alliances between those who had previously been strangers to one another. In the interesting romance of "Blonde of Oxford," composed in the thirteenth century, when Jean of Dammarie came to seek his fortune in England, and was riding from Dover to London, attended by a faithful servant, he overtook the Earl of Oxford, who was on his way to London, with a numerous retinue of armed followers. Jean, having learnt from the earl's followers who he was, introduced himself to him, and was finally taken into his service. Subsequently, in the same romance, Jean of Dammarie, returning to England, takes up his lodging in a handsome hotel in London, and while his man Robin puts the horses in the stable, he walks out into the street, and sees a large company who had just arrived, consisting of squires, servants, knights, clerks, priests, serving-lads (*garçons*), and men who attended the baggage horses (*sommiers*). Jean asked one of the esquires who they all were, what was their business, and where they were going; and was informed that it was the Earl of Gloucester, who had come to London about some business, and was going on the morrow to Oxford, to be married to the Lady Blonde, the object of Jean's affections. Next morning the earl began his journey at day-break, and Jean and his servant, who were mounted ready, joined the company. There was so little unusual in this, that the intruders seem, for a while, not to have been noticed, until, at length, the earl observed Jean, and began to interrogate him: "Friend," said he, "you are welcome; what is your name?"

" Amis, bien fustes vené,
Coment fu vostre nom peid?"
Romance of Blon, l. 2627.

Jean gave him an assumed name, said that he was a merchant, and offered to sell the earl his horse, but they could not agree about the terms. They continued conversing together during the rest of the journey. As they proceeded they encountered a shower of rain, which wet the earl, who was fashionably and thinly clothed. Jean smiled at the impatience with which he seemed to bear this mishap, and when asked to tell the cause of his mirth, said, "If I were a rich man, like you, I should always carry a house with me, so that I could go into it

when the rain came, and not get my clothes dirtied and wet." The earl and his followers set Jean down for a fool, and looked forward to be made merry by him. Soon afterwards they came to the banks of a river, into which the earl rode, without first ascertaining if it were fordable, and he was carried away by the stream, and only saved from drowning by a fisherman in a boat. The rest of the company found a ford, where they passed the river without danger. The earl's clothes had now been completely soaked in the water, and, as his baggage-horses were too far in the rear, he made one of his knights strip, and give him his dry clothes, and left him to make the best of his wet ones. "If I were as rich, and had so many men, as you," said Jean, laughing again, "I would not be exposed to misfortunes of this kind, for I would carry a bridge with me." The earl and his retinue were merry again, at what they supposed to be the folly of their travelling companion. They were now near Oxford, and Jean took his leave of the Earl of Gloucester. We learn, in the course of the story, that all that Jean meant by the house, was that the earl ought to have had at hand a good cloak and cape to cover his fine clothes in case of rain; and that, by the bridge, he intended to intimate that he ought to have sent some of his men to ascertain the depth of the river before he went into it!

These illustrations of the manner and inconveniences of travelling apply more especially to those who could travel on horseback; but the difficulties were still greater for the numerous class of people who were obliged to travel on foot, and who could rarely make sure of reaching, at the end of each day's journey, a place where they could obtain a lodging. They, moreover, had also to carry a certain quantity of baggage. Foot-travellers seem to have had sometimes a mule or a donkey, to carry luggage, or to carry weak women and children. Every one will remember the medieval fable of the old man and his ass, in which a father and his son have the one ass between them. In medieval illuminations representing the flight into Egypt, Joseph is often represented as walking, while the virgin and child ride upon an ass which he is leading. The party of



Fig. 4.—TRAVELLERS ON FOOT.

foot-travellers in our cut (Fig. 4), taken from a manuscript of the beginning of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 2 B. VII.), is part of a group representing the relatives of Thomas Beckett driven into exile by King Henry II.; they are making their way to the sea-shore on foot, perhaps to show that they were not of very high condition in life.

In Chaucer, it is a matter of surprise that the "chanoun" had so little luggage that he carried only a male, or portmanteau, on his horse's crupper, and even that was doubled up (*tweyfold*) on account of its emptiness.

"A male tweyfold on his croper lay,
It seemed that he caried litel array,
Al light for somer rood this worthy man."
Canterbury Tales, l. 12494.

On the contrary, in the romance of "Berte," when the heroine is left to wander in the solitary forest, the writer laments that she had "neither pack-horse laden with coffers, nor clothes folded up in males," which were the ordinary accompaniments of travellers of any consequence:—

"N'il ot sommier à coffres ne dras troussés en male."
Roman de Berte, p. 42.

A traveller, indeed, had many things to carry

with him. He took provisions with him, or was obliged, at times, to reckon on what he could kill, or obtain undressed, and hence he was obliged to carry cooking apparatus with him. He carried flint and steel to strike a light, and be able to make a fire, as he might have to bivouac in a solitary place, or in the midst of a forest. In the romance of "Garin le Loherain," when the Count Begues of Belin finds himself benighted in the forest, he prepares for passing the night comfortably, and, as a matter of course, draws out his steel (*fusil*), and lights a fire:—

"Et il quens est desous l'arbre rame;
Prent son fusil, s'a le fu alume,
Grant et plenier, merveilleus embrasé."
Garin le Loherain, vol. ii. p. 231.

The traveller also often carried materials for laying

a bed, if benighted on the road; and he had, above all, to carry sufficient money with him in specie. All these incumbrances, combined with the badness of the roads, rendered travelling slow—of which we might quote abundant examples. At the end of the twelfth century, it took Giraldus Cambrensis four days to travel from Powisland to Haughmond Abbey, near Shrewsbury. The roads, too, were infested with robbers and banditti, and travellers were only safe in their numbers, and in being sufficiently well armed to repel attacks. In the accompanying cut (Fig. 5), from a manuscript of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.), a traveller is taking his repose under a tree—it is, perhaps, intended to be understood that he is passing the night in a wood,—while he is plundered by robbers, who are here jokingly represented in the forms of

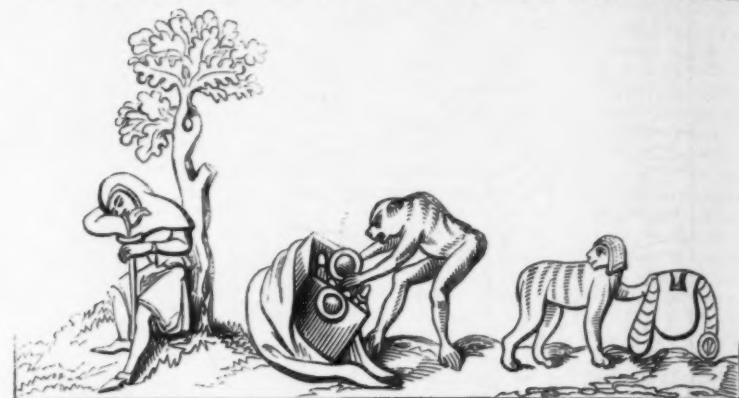


Fig. 5.—PLUNDERING A TRAVELLER.

monkeys. While one is emptying his "male," or box, the other is carrying off his girdle, with the large pouch attached to it, in which, no doubt, the traveller carried his money, and perhaps his eatables. The roads, in the middle ages, appear also to have been infested with beggars of all description, many



Fig. 6.—A CRIPPLE.

of whom were cripples, and persons mutilated in the most revolting manner, the result of feudal wantonness, and feudal vengeance. Our cut (Fig. 6), also furnished by a manuscript of the fourteenth century, represents a very deformed cripple, whose

means of locomotion are rather curious. The beggar and the cripple, too, were often only robbers in disguise, who waited their opportunity to attack simple passengers, or who watched to give notice to comrades of the approach of richer convoys. The medieval popular stories give abundant instances of robbers and others disguising themselves as beggars and cripples. Blindness, also, was common among these objects of commiseration in the middle ages; often, as in the case of mutilation of other kinds, the result of deliberate violence. The same manuscript I have so often quoted (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.), has furnished our cut (Fig. 7), representing a blind man and his dog.

It will be easily understood, that when travelling was beset with so many inconveniences, private hospitality would be looked upon as one of the first of virtues. The early metrical story of "The Hermit," the foundation of Parnell's poem, gives us examples of the different sorts of hospitality with which travellers met. The hermit and his companion began their travel in a wild country, and at the end of their first day's journey, they were obliged to take up their lodgings with another hermit, who gave them the best welcome he could, and shared



Fig. 7.—A BLIND MAN AND DOG.

his provisions with them. The next evening they came to a city, where everybody shut his door against them, because they were poor, till at length, weary and wet with rain, they sat down on the stone steps of a great mansion; but the host was an usurer, and refused to receive into his house men who promised him so little profit. Yet at length,

to escape their importunities, he allowed them to enter the yard, and sleep under a staircase, where his maid threw them some straw to lie upon, but neither offered them refreshment, except some of the refuse of the table, nor allowed them to go to a fire to dry their clothes. The next evening they sought their lodging in a large abbey, where the

monks received them with great hospitality, and gave them plenty to eat and drink. On the fourth day they came to another town, where they went to the house of a rich and honest burgher, who received them with all the marks of hospitality. Their host washed their feet, and gave them plenty to eat and drink, and they were comfortably lodged for the night.

It would not be difficult to illustrate all the incidents of this story by anecdotes of mediæval life. The traveller who sought a lodging, without money to pay for it, even in private houses, was not always well received. In the fabliau of the Butcher of Abbeville (Barbazan, iv. 1), the butcher, returning from the market of Oisemont, is overtaken by night at the small town of Bailleul. He determined to stop for the night there, and, seeing a poor woman at her door, at the entrance of the town, he asked her where he could procure a night's lodging, and she recommended him to the priest, as the only person in the town who had wine in his cellar. The butcher accordingly repaired to the priest's house, where he found that ecclesiastic sitting on the sill of his door, and asked him to give him a lodging for the sake of charity. The priest, who thought that there was nothing to be gained from him, refused, telling him he would find plenty of people in the town who could give him a bed. As the butcher was leaving the town, irritated by his inhospitable reception, he encountered a flock of sheep, which he learnt were the property of the priest; whereupon, selecting the fattest of them, he dexterously stole it away unperceived, and, returning with it into the town, he went to the priest's door, found him just closing his house, for it was nightfall, and again asked him for lodging. The priest asked him who he was, and whence he came. He replied that he had been to the market at Oisemont, and bought a sheep; that he was overtaken by night, and sought a lodging; and that, as it was no great consideration to him, he intended to kill his sheep, and share it with his host. The temptation was too great for the greedy priest, and he now received the butcher into his house, treated him with great respect, and had a bed made for him in his hall. Now the priest had—as was common with the Catholic priesthood—a concubine and a maid-servant, and they all regarded themselves on the butcher's sheep. Before the guest left next morning, he contrived to sell the sheep's skin and wool for certain considerations severally to the concubine and to the maid, and, after his departure, their rival claims led to a quarrel, and even to a battle. While the priest, on his return from the service of matins, was labouring to appease the combatants, his shepherd entered, with the information that his best sheep had been stolen from his flock, and an examination of the skin led to the discovery of the trick which had been played upon him—a punishment, as we are told, which he well merited by his inhospitable conduct. A Latin story of the thirteenth century may be coupled with the foregoing anecdote. There was an abbot who was very miserly and inhospitable, and he took care to give all the offices in the abbey to men of his own character. This was especially the case with the monk who had the direction of the *hostipitium*, or guest-house. One day came a minstrel to ask for a lodging, but he met with an unfriendly reception, was treated only with black bread and water to drink, and was shown to a hard bed of straw. Minstrels were not usually treated in this inhospitable manner, and our guest resolved to be revenged. He left the abbey next morning, and a little way on his journey he met the abbot, who was returning home from a short absence. "God bless you, good abbot!" he said, "for the noble hospitality which has been shown to me this night by your monks. The master of your guest-house treated me with the choicest wines, and placed rich dishes on the table for me in such numbers, that I would not attempt to count them; and when I came away this morning, he gave me a pair of shoes, a girdle, and a knife." The abbot hurried home in a furious rage, summoned the offending brother before a chapter, accused him of squandering away the property of the monastery, caused him to be flogged and dismissed from his office, and appointed in his place another, on whose inhospitable temper he could place entire confidence.

These cases of want of hospitality were, however, exceptions to the general rule. A stranger was

usually received with great kindness, each class of society, of course, more or less by its own class, though, under such circumstances, much less distinction of class was made than one might suppose. The aristocratic class, which included what we should now call the gentry, sought hospitality in the nearest castle; for a castle, as a matter of pride and ostentation, was, more or less, like an abbey, a place of hospitality for everybody. The visitor, however unknown and unexpected, was received by his equals or by his inferiors with respectful politeness; his host often washed him, especially his feet, and bathed him, dressed him, and furnished him with



Fig. 8.—RECEIVING A GUEST.

a temporary change of garments. Our cut (Fig. 8), taken from a manuscript of the earlier part of the fourteenth century (MS. Harl. No. 1527), represents the reception of a stranger in this manner, and might easily be illustrated by anecdotes from mediæval writers. In the "Roman de la Violette" (p. 233), when its hero, Gerard, sought a lodging at a castle, he was received with the greatest hospitality; the lord of the castle led him into the great

hall, and there disarmed him, furnished him with a rich mantle, and caused him to be bathed and washed. In the same romance (p. 237), when Gerard arrived at the little town of Mouzon, he goes to the house of a widow to ask for a night's lodging, and is received with the same welcome. His horse is taken into a stable, and carefully attended to, while the lady labours to keep him in conversation until supper is ready, after which a good bed is made for him, and they all retire to rest. The comforts, however, which could be offered to the visitor, consisted often chiefly in eating and drinking. People had few spare chambers, especially furnished ones, and, in the simplicity of mediæval manners, the guests were obliged to sleep either in the same room as the family, or, more usually, in the hall, where beds were made for them on the floor or on the benches. "Making a bed" was a phrase true in its literal sense, and the bed made consisted of a heap of straw, with a sheet or two thrown over it. The host, indeed, could often furnish no more than a room of bare walls and floor as a protection from the weather, and the guest had to rely as much upon his own resources for his personal comforts, as if he had had to pass the night in the midst of a wild wood. Moreover the guests, however numerous and though strangers to each other, were commonly obliged to sleep together indiscriminately in the same room.

In towns the hospitality of the burghers was not always given gratis, for it was a common custom, even among the richer merchants, to make a profit by receiving guests. These letters of lodgings were distinguished from the inn-keepers, or *hostelers*, by the title of *herbergeors*, or people who gave harbour to strangers, and in the larger towns they were submitted to municipal regulations. The great barons and knights were in the custom of taking up their lodgings with these *herbergeors*, rather than



Fig. 9.—A HOSTEL AT NIGHT.

going to the public hostels; and thus a sort of relationship was formed between particular nobles or kings and particular burghers, on the strength of which the latter adopted the arms of their habitual lodgers as their signs. These *herbergeors* practised great extortions upon their accidental guests, and they appear to have adopted various artifices to allure them to their houses. These extortions are the subject of a very curious Latin poem of the thirteenth century, entitled "Peregrinus" (the Traveller).

Our cut (Fig. 9), taken from an illumination in the unique manuscript of the *Cent nouvelles Nouvelles* (fifteenth century), in the Hunterian Library at Glasgow, represents the exterior and the interior of a public hostel or inn. Without, we see the sign, and the bush suspended to it, and a company of travellers arriving; within, the bed-chambers are represented, and they illustrate not only the practice of lodging a number of persons in the same bedroom, but also that of sleeping in a state of perfect nudity. Our next cut (Fig. 10) is a picture of a mediæval tapster; it is taken from one of the carved seats, or *misereres*, in the fine parish church of Ludlow, in Shropshire.

It will, probably, be remarked, that the size of the tapster's jug is rather disproportionate to that of



Fig. 10.—A MEDIEVAL TAPSTER.

his barrel; but mediæval artists often set perspective and relative proportions at defiance.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

G. Chambers, Painter. J. B. Allen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 1 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

GEORGE CHAMBERS, like another of our best marine-painters, Stanfield, passed the early years of his life among those scenes which both have so vividly expressed upon canvas. Chambers, a native of Whitby, in Yorkshire, was born of parents in humble circumstances, his father being a common seaman. At the age of ten he was sent to sea in a small trading sloop, in which he passed two years as a cabin-boy: subsequently he was apprenticed to the owners of a vessel which traded to the Baltic and the Mediterranean, and here were manifested his first Art-impulses, developed in decorative painting in ships, in sketching and making drawings of vessels for his messmates. Before the expiration of his term of servitude he contrived to get his indentures cancelled, and worked his way back to Whitby, determining in his own mind to become an artist: but he had no means which would enable him to attain his desire, and was therefore compelled to place himself once more in service. This time, however, it was not in a ship, but with a female who kept a painter's and glazier's shop: the lad turned the "colour" stock to good account; all his spare hours he employed in producing small pictures, for which he seems to have found a sale: during this time he received a few lessons from a Mr. Bird, a provincial drawing-master. At the end of three years he worked his way up to London by sea, and although offered good wages as a house-painter, he refused them, and started without hesitation as an artist, employing himself chiefly in painting portraits of ships. After he had been some time in the metropolis, he was introduced, through a gentleman with whom he had become acquainted, to the late Mr. Horner of the Colosseum, who engaged him to work on the large panorama he was then preparing. Chambers remained in the employment of Mr. Horner seven years, and then resumed his old labours of painting portraits of ships. Another field of occupation was, however, soon open to him, for hearing that the situation of scene-painter to the Pavilion Theatre was vacant, he applied for, and obtained, it.

Chambers's scenes were so much admired that the manager speedily saw abundant reason to double his salary. Among the occasional visitors to the theatre was the late Admiral Lord Mark Kerr, who soon manifested a great interest in the scene-painter, gave him some commissions, and procured many more from his numerous friends. But his lordship's patronage extended still further: by his interest at Court, Chambers was commanded to attend at Windsor Castle, that their majesties, King William and Queen Adelaide, might see his portfolio of drawings and sketches. In a short memoir of the life of the artist, published in his native town soon after his death, the interview of the *quondam* cabin-boy with the sailor-monarch is thus described:—"Their majesties looked over his sketches for the choice of subjects: the King fixed upon a stormy scene; but his consort, with feminine softness, expressed her dislike of it as too dismal. Our sailor- sovereign immediately spoke out in the blunt phraseology of an old commodore—"Oh, ma'am, we sailors like those boisterous scenes the best—eh, Mr. Chambers?" Accordingly, the man-of-war monarch made choice of a sea-fight, while the Queen chose a calm coast-scene at Dover; and in addition to these, Chambers painted a view of Greenwich Hospital for the Queen, and the opening of New London Bridge for the King." It is this picture of Greenwich Hospital which is here engraved; the view of Dover will appear hereafter.

It was about the year 1836 that the former was painted, and, consequently, the view differs in many material points from that which the locality now presents: all the old picturesque buildings in the foreground have been removed to make way for the "Trafalgar," of white-bait dinner notoriety: the pier, at the further end of the Hospital, and the railed-in walk, both of which are more recent additions, do not appear: we do not think, however, that the picture loses any of its attractions by the omissions. The picture is at Osborne.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 6.—EDWARD BIRD, R.A.

EDWARD BIRD was, at the time I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance, just at the period of middle age, and in the height of his fame as a painter of domestic life. He had then produced a number of highly successful works, and had become a member of the Royal Academy. He was living at Kingsdown, at Bristol, and was surrounded, and had the advantage of being associated with, many friends of a highly intelligent character. Bird, I believe, was born at Wolverhampton, and destined by fortune to the humble trade of tea-tray painting, which he practised for a time, both at Birmingham and Bristol. That native power with which he was born, and which there is no rational way of accounting for, but on the score of bodily conformation, did not allow him to remain in this humble condition, but he soon made his way in despite of all obstacles. Education had done but little for him; yet that peculiar luminary, placed by nature in the sphere of his mind, warmed and lighted up not only its own proper objects, but a wide circle of those that lay around it. Thus it occurred that Bird, devoid of breeding and education, appeared a man deficient in neither, nor in those qualities of mind conferred by them, and essential in the pursuits demanding them. There was, personally, a naturally thoughtful character, which was fixed, and always apparent; although a certain twinkle in the eye manifested the existence of an under current of fun, and a richness of humour peculiarly his own, and which was found in the pictures of his early style of art. In person Bird was below the middle height, and of a close set, sturdy build. His head, well covered with dark, wavy hair, was large, and well-developed; his forehead upright, rather than high; his eyes light, quiet, and reflective in expression; his nose straight and short; and his mouth and chin firm and manly; his whole figure resembled a little that of the first Napoleon, and his movement and gait were short, firm, and steady. There was nothing of flow or waviness in his contour, but an uprightness and a look of independence, like a man who acts upon principle, and in the spirit of self-reliance; but his whole manner was quiet, self-possessed, and sedate.

In the treatment of his subject Bird was exceedingly happy. He had great power in seizing character, in furnishing illustrative incident, and the employment of episodes suitable to his object. In his execution there was also a great charm: it was in resemblance what the Italians call *tale quale*, identical with the thing—the most exact imitation possible without the least appearance of labour, or the means by which it was effected. Expression appeared the pure result of a happy process in execution and imitation, rather than the result of thoughtful and experimental labour. It was exactly the opposite of what is produced and found in the works of Mulready, who appears to reach the same end by decidedly different means: and the same remark holds good as regards those of Wilkie. Bird, therefore, effected at once what such men produce by long and reiterated efforts, and what he did has consequently the charm which belongs to off-hand and rapid execution.

There is, perhaps, no depth of thought in anything Bird has produced, but there is that truth which cannot fail to satisfy wherever it is found. It is the purely natural, unadorned, and undeteriorated. I remember well how my young eye was struck at the first sight of Bird's pictures, with a something I could not then understand. I had been an observer for the first few years of my experience, and commenced to reason upon what I saw in such pictures as fell under my notice. In Bird I saw something different from them all. In the works of various painters, containing many figures, I had noticed and examined, in the different groups, well-contrived contrasts—the tall contrasted with the short, the light with the dark, the round-formed with the oval, and so on; but I saw nothing of this sort in Bird; but something which still more distinguished one

character from another, and formed a far wider contrast without the means employed being apparent. I saw what I have since seen in that marvellous production of Raphael, the "Miracle of Balaam";—heads which, in aspect and attitude, scarcely differed from each other, but which, in that marvellous something, are as wide apart and as distinct as the side and the front view of the human creature. For some time this was an enigma, as it is a fact which often escapes the observation even of painters themselves. It is now clear, and is to be attributed to the practical apprehension and appropriation of that sterling truth, found as rarely in Art as in other achievements of men. Bird had this power conferred by nature, and perfected by observation and experiment. It has nothing to do with common intelligence, but is the offspring of that peculiar quality of mind created and fitted for its purpose by its parent organism and possession. When the world gets wise enough to know how and what to collect for public and professional instruction, it will seize upon the productions of Art of all times, ancient and modern, which exhibit those cardinal points in the province and prerogatives of pictorial representation. It is not a collocation of the different styles, and schools, and times, that form more than an ordinary curiosity in a collection of Art specimens, but examples and instances in pictures of the different powers possessed by men, and made manifest in their productions. And in the nice discrimination, which will attend a better acquaintance with Art, it will be seen that the two kinds of productions—the one from natural fitness, the other from cultivated intelligence—differ widely, and offer a problem of difficult solution to the true estimation in which they ought to be held. In such a collection the highest kind of instruction that can be given by the applied and created thing would be offered; men engaged in the interests of Art could not fail to obtain a better notion of what is to be derived from human resources, both natural and acquired, while the man of taste would be instructed as to what to expect and esteem. Mediocrity and average talent would find their level, and the world be better able to judge of what rose above or fell below it. Such men as Bird, Etty, and a host of others might become grand teachers in the world of Art, and to the public at large, were the true principles on which their merits rest understood; without that the lesson they teach is lost.

Bird's powers of true and faithful representation form the scale of his merits, and constitute the excellence for which he is distinguished, as well as his natural *forte*; other excellences clustered round these as their nucleus, but this appears to sustain them. However, it must be added that this excellence, which distinguished his operative and creative powers, is of a very inferior kind to another, that directed his *choice of subject*. Bird was the man next Hogarth who laboured to give to Art an independent character, by thinking for himself, and in finding subjects in life instead of in books. The beautiful comedies painted by Bird, dressed in ordinary language, instead of that of Art, would have given to him a high reputation as a dramatist. But this is a truth for which the world is in no degree prepared; an ignorance of the nature, aim, and objects of Arts discourages all attempts at appeal to taste or public sympathy with any expectation of this matter that may be put forward. Among writers who have taken the highest ground as expounders of the nature, claims, and attributes of Art, but few instances are afforded of that recommendation of Art upon which its dignity, independence, and best interests depend. Art, to be great, must be independent, and capable of acting for itself, without the aid of the poet and the historian; yet so little attention has been given to the real capabilities of Art, that ordinary taste expects no other than that Art should seek its subjects in books, in the records of history or tradition, and in the effusions of the poet. The practice of the painters has done no small injury to their art in thus having a foreign source to fly to instead of themselves, as is proved in every case in which men are similarly situated. This has cramped the subjects taken to a very narrow range, and led to repetitions, and a stagnation fatal to originality.

In the obsolete and stagnant philosophy of taste, history in painting holds the post of honour; whilst in the right-thinking good sense of the world, the



J. B. ALLEN SCULPT.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES & VIRTUE.

G. CHAMBERS. PINX.

3 NO 59

historian has never been made the rival of the poet, and the cold imitator and the copyist have never taken precedence of the inventor. Yet in Art the painter who will repeat, in forms and colours, all the incidents in "Don Quixote" or the "Vicar of Wakefield," claims as much honour as if he were the inventor of the stories themselves. It must certainly be a very barren world, and the growth of passions and feelings must have ceased to be available, in their originality at least, whilst observant men can find subjects for their thoughts, and new interests awake at every turn, and yet the artist can find nothing to paint. Thus it is that the great volume of life and nature has remained a sealed book, to the great disgrace and detriment of the Art.

For a long time Bird continued to paint subjects from common life, and, perhaps, would have continued longer, but that he found they gave him great trouble, and that, when produced, the world cared little for them. I have often heard him despairingly remark, "One might as well paint the story of Goody Two-shoes, as take the trouble to hunt for subjects in real life." Bird had, certainly, good reasons to complain, especially in referring to the labour and loss of time that it cost to find the models alone, without laying the plan, and making the necessary study in the mode of telling the story, and inventing incident and episode to illustrate it. When chapter and verse supply the subject, little more is to be done than to follow out the description, to omit nothing, but introduce every item provided for you, without any concern to provide anything for yourself. The merit of history-painting is often little more than to follow out what is described; whereas, in original andventional art, the description is given, and not followed, by the painter. Wilkie, I suspect, took to historical art for the same reasons as Bird—to save himself labour and difficulty, the fat of searching for subjects, and the inconveniency of using them when found, as well as for the few pictorial advantages they offer in colour and form, and in ordinary and every-day costume. In history, a painter revels in colours and masses of any size or shape; and as for dignity, grandeur, and such like qualities, the difference is often in no more than the name. The Madonnas of Raphael are to be found, at this hour, in abundance in the common life of Rome, in that quarter of it called *Trastevere*, from which he took so many of his models; and the best which has been produced by him and all other painters of the "divine" and "angelic," is infinitely eclipsed in the genuine maternal tenderness and look of affection, with which every mother in nature and in life regards her child. Raphael, neither here nor anywhere else, could rival the Creator, either in the outward form, or in the manifestations made from within; whatever the dreamy theories of the learned connoisseurs in Art may put forth in their schemes for mending nature, and improving upon God's creation. Bird was, of course, one of the aspirants that denounced a fact so repugnant to his practice; and when the *beau ideal* was talked of, and the practice of nature-mending referred to, he at once cut the matter short by saying, "Let me first come up to nature, before I talk of mending her." It was clearly this desire of coming up to nature, that gave the soul to his efforts, and enabled him to attain so near to the desired end.

It must, however, not be overlooked, for truth's sake, and for the love of Art, that Bird neglected a great deal which belongs peculiarly to Art, and which Art demands of its votaries. There is not only a long and laborious difficulty, and a close course of study necessary in what the eye sees, but, perhaps, as much in the study of the mode in which objects are seen by the eye. Perhaps of the two provinces, this is the more difficult one, demanding not only close study, but natural fitness, to qualify a painter for his multifarious task. Nothing can prove more forcibly the purblind weakness and absurdity of Ruskinism, in which raw aspirants are told and tempted to study one portion of a difficult and indivisible art, to the total neglect and obstinate rejection of another. Bird, like certain of the architectural exhibitors at the Royal Academy exhibition, who provide three vanishing points for the lines of a square, never took the trouble to learn perspective, of which an hour's serious application would have put him in possession, but committed some notable blunders, at which he himself was ever ready to

laugh with any friend that pointed them out; in fact, he did not care for so small a matter, in comparison with greater things. He also remained deficient in colour; his love of thinking for himself stood resolutely in the way, not only of consulting with the colourists in Art, but with himself, upon the subject. I think it may be said, not that he was incapable of colour, but that he took no pains with it; all that belongs to processes, and the production of texture and transparency, Bird was indifferent to, and regarded as so much quackery; and any attempt to lead him to the consideration of them excited division, and raised his choler. In short, Bird neglected much that belongs legitimately to the province of Art, and which, to unprofessional readers, would not be intelligible; but what he neglected, rather belongs to the body than the soul of Art.

In a paper which was read before an artistical society, I ventured to define a certain combination of intelligences, on which, I believe, the true interests of the exaltation of Art depend. This combination I named the *Mutual Faculty*. It consists in the association of the patron and the painter, and assumes that, had all the pictures which have been painted and sold by artists, since the time of Reynolds, left their places upon the easels of the painters, and the walls of the exhibition rooms, and the money paid for them had been deposited in their places, the painter having no other connection with the patron, Art would never have arisen to the grade of a liberal profession, but would have been now where it was in the time of Reynolds. In short, it is assumed that the cold connection between buyer and seller is altogether insufficient to encourage and sustain Art. I mention this because at the time I am speaking of, there existed in Bristol a society for the express association of the patron, the amateur, and the artist. The party met ostensibly to sketch, and many pictures, which afterwards made some noise in the world, originated there. It was composed of men of high standing, and of the highest qualifications in intellect, science, and acquirement; and it is unquestionable, that Bird, and others I could name, profited by this; and thus, by a means at once rare and efficient, became possessed of power they carried into Art, without conviction, or, perhaps, consciousness of the means by which they were obtained.

Poor Bird died at the age of about fifty years, and lies buried in the cloisters of Bristol Cathedral, under a stone placed *in memoriam* by his daughters: it has the following inscription engraved on it:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
EDWARD BIRD, ESQ., R.A.,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOV. 2, 1819,
AGED 45 YEARS.

HIS DAUGHTER CAUSED THIS STONE TO BE PLACED
AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION
FOR HER REVERED PARENT.

ENGLISH HOMES:

AS THEY ARE, AND MAY BE, IN FURNISHING
AND DECORATION.

PART III.

THE general principles stated, and perhaps proved, in former articles, were, first, that the aspect, whether east, west, north, or south of an apartment, ought to determine the general tone of wall decorations; that harmony did not mean monotony, but the proper balance of colour; that the apparent size of apartments is greatly dependant on the tones of colour adopted; and, second, that there were certain fixed qualities of outline essential in things beautiful. Bearing these general principles in remembrance, another step of the home ladder may be ascended; and, having shown the defects, and what, if adopted, would be improvements in the houses of the foremen, clerks, and small tradesmen, the houses of the city men, the larger tradesmen, and merchants, next claim attention. The mansions of the merchant princes form a different class of dwellings; those more especially referred to at present are houses

rented at from £120 to £200 a-year, and are not unfrequently situated a few miles from town. As a rule, this tradesman and merchant section of the community are the great customers for the better class of French paper-hangings; and without meaning to reflect upon this section of the population wholesale, it may be affirmed, without offence and without fear of contradiction, that among them are the monied admirers of the most highly-priced monstrosities that are to be found in home-decorations. An Ibrahim has somewhere said, that it takes three generations to refine a man into a gentleman; and, in spite of the bull, the statement contains the stamina of a great practical truth. So it may be said, that it takes generations to refine wealth into taste; or, rather, to give the accumulators of riches that peculiar knowledge, which will enable them to surround themselves with objects of genuine merit. Nor need this be cause for wonderment, all circumstances considered. The busy tradesman or thriving merchant has, as a rule, had nothing but deteriorating education in such matters. Not unfrequently from the country, his humble paternal home offered no means of educating his eye, except for show; and now that he is engaged in the whirl of business, and finds that he is accumulating money, it is not unnatural that he should like to see his success reflected in the only form of magnificence with which he is familiar—the subdued magnificence of barbaric pomp and show. As a rule, this class marry before they are what may be called successful; and as, with occasional exceptions, the wife has been trained under the same domestic ideas, on such points, as the husband, they more naturally agree upon house decoration than perhaps upon other matters at least equally important.

An amusing chapter might be written upon the house furnishings of such a pair; but, without going over the scenes of consultation between interested mammas and equally important spinster aunts, as to what would or would not be proper and genteel,—that is, fashionable for the time being,—these consultations usually end in a compromise of opinions; and how great the joint-stock ignorance becomes, the ill-assorted dwellings of the newly-married pair too often forcibly, though silently, proclaim. Strong incentives are not wanting to stimulate the folly. There is an opinion abroad that articles are valuable or beautiful, in proportion as they are costly; and all having goods to sell have the strongest interest in supporting the delusion. Nor does taste grow with wealth, because there are many proofs that this section of the body politic makes the breadth and brilliancy of their drawing-room border the indicator of their growing prosperity and riches. When they began house-keeping, their drawing-room paper-hanging had, probably, but a narrow border, with a few simple-coloured flowers; but the breadth of border has kept pace with the weight of purse, till the drawing-room has become appalling through excessive glare, everything palling before the profusion of Dutch metal, mis-named gold, and the carnations and greens of monster roses, the lilacs of immense irises, and the exaggerated forms and tones of other flowers. The drawing-room of a city man may be described as almost invariably papered, chiefly because in paper-hangings he can get most show for the money. He and his wife and daughters must, moreover, have everything in keeping, and the general effect may be thus described. The border of the paper-hangings has, probably, been chosen first, and solely on account of its breadth and brilliancy, as seen in a paper-stainer's pattern-book. It is, of course, French, and has, therefore, all the manipulative and harmonical beauty for which our neighbours are celebrated. As a piece of block printing, it is not only unimpeachable, but fascinating to the un instructed, and leads the city man with his household captive. It has a stripe of intense crimson, a maroon or green on each side, an inch and a half broad, with a number of metal lines on a buff ground or grey, and a tremendous wreath of enormous flowers fill up the centre, with plain or "T" corners to match. The tints on the flowers are dazzling in their strength, and this, with plenty of gold, "relieved" by the dark stripe of flock, is a most popular border. This fixed and determined on, a filling requires to be selected for the centres of the panels,—for such a drawing-room is supposed nothing, if not panelled, and as this style costs

tions, to present, in an intelligible form, some of the principal products which are obtained by its destructive distillation. These are gaseous, liquid, and solid. In the following list the chemical formula is given, for the purpose of showing how strangely, by an interchange of a few elements, the condition of a substance is effected. It should be noticed that H stands for hydrogen, O for oxygen, C for carbon, N for nitrogen, S for sulphur, and Cl for chlorine; the figures attached to those letters giving the relative proportions in which the combinations take place.

GASEOUS.	
Name of substance	Chemical formula.
Hydrogen	H
Light carburetted hydrogen	C ² H ⁴
Carbonic oxide	C O
Olefiant gas	C ⁴ H ⁴
Propylene	C ³ H ⁶
Butylene	C ⁴ H ⁸
Carbonic acid	C O ²
Sulphuretted hydrogen	S H
Nitrogen	N
LIQUID.	
Water	H O
Bisulphide of carbon	C S ²
Benzol	C ⁶ H ⁶
Tuluel	C ¹⁴ H ⁸
Camol	C ¹⁸ H ¹²
Cymol	C ²⁰ H ¹⁴
Aniline	C ¹² H ⁷ N
Picoline	C ¹² H ⁷ N
Leucoline	C ¹⁸ H ⁸ N
Carbolic acid	C ¹² H ⁶ O ²
SOLID.	
Carbonate of ammonia	N H ⁴ O C O O ²
Hydrosulphate of sulphide of ammonia	N H ⁴ S + H S
Sulphite of ammonia	N H ⁴ O S O ²
Chloride of ammonium	N H ⁴ Cl
Paraffine	C ⁴⁰ H ⁴²
Naphthaline	C ²⁰ H ⁸
Para-naphthaline	C ³⁶ H ¹²
Pyrene	C ³⁰ H ⁶
Chrysene	C ³⁰ H ¹⁰

There are several other hydrocarbon compounds occasionally produced, which are not named above. It may be remarked, in passing, that to the Benzol and Tuluel series belong the artificial essential oil of almonds, and some of the fruit essences now employed in the manufacture of cheap confectionary.

Before we proceed to the examination of the aniline compounds, some short notice must be given of another product, which promises to produce a very fine dye: that is *carbolic acid*, or, as it is sometimes called, *phenole*. The less volatile portion of the fluids produced by the distillation of coal tar contains considerable quantities of this substance. It may be extracted by agitating coal oils (boiling between 300° and 400°) with an alkaline solution. The latter, separated from the undissolved portion, contains the carbolic acid, in the state of carbonate of the alkali used. On addition of a mineral acid, the phenole is liberated, and rises to the surface in the form of an oil. To obtain it dry, recourse must be had to digestion with chloride of calcium, followed by a new rectification. Carbolic acid, when very pure and dry, is quite solid and colourless; but when mixed with lime, and exposed to the air, it yields *rosolic acid*, giving to the lime a rich red colour. If a splinter of deal wood be dipped first in carbolic acid, and then in moderately strong nitric acid, it acquires a blue colour. We have, no doubt, here a colorific compound of value; but as yet no means have been discovered of fixing the colour.

Aniline, it will be observed, differs from carbolic acid, in containing twelve equivalents of carbon, with seven of hydrogen, and one of nitrogen; the latter containing twelve equivalents of carbon, with six of hydrogen, and two of oxygen. There are few bodies which may be prepared in a greater variety of ways than aniline; and since aniline is the basis of the fashionable colour, *mauve*, one or two of the methods must be mentioned.

It may be obtained in quantity from indigo. When indigo blue is dissolved by the aid of heat in a strong

solution of potash, and the mass, after evaporation to dryness, submitted to destructive distillation, it intumesces considerably, and aniline is liberated, which is condensed in the receiver, in the form of a brown oil, together with a little water and ammonia disengaged with it. The aniline is purified by rectification. The aniline obtained is about eighteen to twenty per cent of the indigo used. Nitro-benzole may be converted into aniline by the action of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, or, more conveniently, by the action of a basic acetate of iron.

The most abundant source of aniline is the basic oil of coal tar. This oil is agitated with hydrochloric acid, which seizes upon the basic oils. After decanting the clear liquor, which contains the hydrochlorates of these oils, it is evaporated over an open fire until it begins to disengage acid fumes, which indicate a commencement of decomposition, and then filtered, to separate any adhering neutral compounds. The clear liquor is then decomposed with potash, or milk of lime, which liberates the bases themselves in form of a brown oil, consisting chiefly of aniline and leucol. This mixture is submitted to distillation, and the aniline is chiefly found in that portion which passes over at about 360° F. Repeated distillation and collection of the product distilling at this temperature purifies the aniline; but to complete the purification, it is well to treat the partially purified aniline once more with hydrochloric acid, to separate the bases again by an alkali, and then to rectify carefully.

When pure, aniline is a colourless liquid, of a high refractive power, and of an aromatic odour. It is slightly soluble in water, and mixes in all proportions in alcohol and ether. It dissolves phosphorus and sulphur when cold, and coagulates albumen. With a solution of bleaching powder it strikes a beautiful blue colour. Aniline combines with the acids, and forms a long series of salts: the sulphate of aniline is the most important, as being the salt employed in the production of Mr. Perkins's aniline colours. It is prepared by mixing aniline with diluted sulphuric acid, and evaporating slowly until the salt appears. It crystallizes from boiling alcohol in the form of beautiful colourless plates of a silvery lustre. The crystals reddish by exposure to air, but do not undergo any change by any heat below the boiling-point.

The exquisitely beautiful dye for silks, the *mauve*, is prepared by taking equivalent proportions of sulphate of aniline and bichromate of potash, dissolving them in water, mixing, and allowing them to stand for several hours. The whole is then thrown upon a filter, and the black precipitate which has formed is washed and dried. This black substance is then digested in coal-tar naphtha, to extract a brown, resinous substance; and finally digested with alcohol, to dissolve out the colouring matter, which is left behind, on distilling off the spirit, as a coppery friable mass. This is the dyeing agent, producing all the charming varieties of purples known by the name *mauve*, which, as it appears to us somewhat inappropriately, has been given to this colour.

The particularity of these purples consists in the peculiar blending of the red and blue of which they are constituted. These hues admit of almost infinite variation; consequently, we may have many varieties of *red mauve*, and as many of *blue mauve*, and any depth of tint can be secured. The permanence of these hitherto fugitive combinations is their strongest recommendation.

By the researches of chemists,—who have been following Glauber's advice, to "examine everything which other people throw away,"—we have obtained essences resembling those of the choicest fruits and flowers, and dyes of surpassing brilliancy, which do not fade, from matters which were absolutely waste but a few years since. This will prove to every one the advantages which are derivable from studies too often regarded as abstract and valueless. Rely upon it, however, no truth can be discovered but it must, sooner or later, become of practical value to man. From coal tar we extract a dye which rivals the far-famed Tyrian purple, and we are about to produce from guano a similar colour, which, although obtained from the vast deposits formed on the waste islands off the coast of Peru, is probably the same colour which the Phoenicians obtained from mollusca inhabiting the "bright Aegean."

ROBERT HUNT.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Sir T. Lawrence, Painter. T. Garner, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 2 ft. 6 in. by 3 ft. 14 in.

LAWRENCE must have painted this portrait quite early in the present century, probably about the year 1801 or 1802, at a time when the patronage of the Court gave him the highest position among contemporary portrait-painters, and one which he maintained till the day of his death. The "sister" of the occasion was the young Princess Charlotte, only child of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., by his unhappy union with the Princess Caroline of Brunswick. The Princess Charlotte was born in 1796, and the portrait appears to have been taken of about the age of five or six. In May, 1816, she was married to Prince Leopold, of Saxe Coburg, the present King of Belgium, and died in November of the following year. Our memory can just go back to this event—one that threw a deep shadow of sincere sorrow over the whole British nation, whose hopes seem to have been set upon her as the successor to the crown subsequently inherited by her father. Her lofty spirit, her amiable disposition, and bright intellect, appeared to fit her to reign over a great and enlightened nation, and had already won the affections of the people, who regarded her when she entered the wedded state as, at least, the mother of a race of kings, if not destined to wear the diadem on her own brow. Providence, however, was fit to disappoint all expectations; a few short hours sufficed to turn joy into mourning, and hope into dread certainty. Byron, in his "Childe Harold," wrote her death-dirge in some of his noblest strains:

"Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds;
A long, low, distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and irremediable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawn the rending gashes,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head dismown,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief,
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no milk."

"Selon of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that paug for ever; with thee the
The present happiness and promised joy,
Which filled the imperial cities so full is seemed to thy."

"Peasants bring forth in safety; can it be,
O thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those that weep not for kings, shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, aches for thee.
Her many griefs for Ours; for she had pour'd
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—valily wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!
Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes; in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the fates is laid;
The love of millions: how we did entreat
Futurity to her! and thought it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed
Our children should obey her child, and bidden
Her and her hap'd-for seed, whose promise seemed
Like stars to shepherds' eyes; 'twas but a vision seemed."

The poet's prediction in the last stanza, like many other prophecies, has not been fulfilled; "futurity" has not "darkened above our bones"; happily in England, two years after the death of the lamented princess, another appeared among the royal family, in the person of our present most gracious Queen, whose wise and gentle exercise of her exalted position amply compensates for the loss, which, in 1817, the country deplored with so much true universal sorrow. No monarch was ever followed to the grave with deeper feelings of regret than was the Princess Charlotte, when carried to her last home. Chatsworth's monument to her memory in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is one of the most touching compositions that can be conceived.

Lawrence's portrait is a very charming representation of childhood, playful in character, intelligent in expression, and exceedingly graceful as a composition, but the tone of colour is remarkably low for a picture by this painter. The youthful princess has just released, from its cage, a favourite bird, which is quietly perched on her hand, and on which she is lovingly gazing.

The picture is in the collection at Windsor Castle.



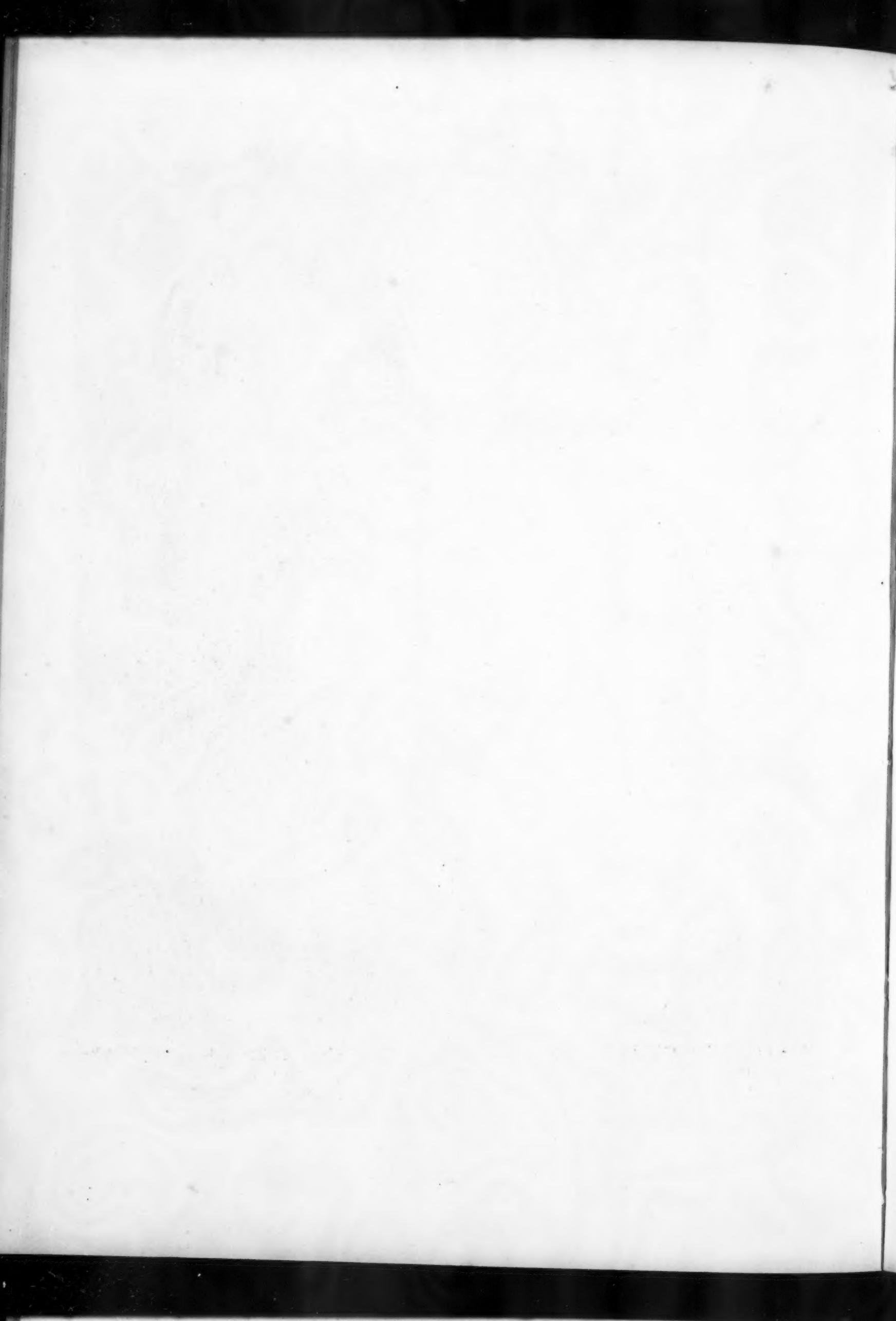
MR. G. LAWRENCE, P.R.A. PINXT.

T. COOPER, SCULPT.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

London, JAMES ANDERSON.



NEW METHOD
OF TAKING UP AND REMOVING
ANCIENT TESSELATED PAVEMENTS.
BY GEORGE MAW,
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, ETC.

THE great desideratum of preserving from destruction the examples of Roman Tesselated Pavements, that are from time to time brought to light, and the fact that the circumstances which lead to their discovery generally involve the necessity either for their removal or re-interment, induce me to think that a short description of a method I have employed for taking up and transporting pavements composed of tesserae, may be acceptable to those of your readers who are interested in the preservation of the remnants of Roman Art in this country.

Where it is possible to leave the pavement *in situ*, there can be no doubt it is a more interesting object, in association with the remains of the build-

ing of which it originally formed a part, as in the case of the beautiful pavement in Earl Bathurst's Park at Cirencester, and those more recently discovered in Apethorpe Park, the seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, in Northamptonshire, where the remains have been carefully protected from injury in the place they were discovered. But in the majority of cases, Roman remains are brought to light in building and drainage excavations, which necessitate either their immediate destruction, removal, or burial. This was the case with the pavements discovered last spring at Wroxeter, in Shropshire, and the desire to preserve them induced me to devise, and put in practice, the process of removal I am about to describe.

The entirety of the pavement or portion of pavement to be removed is preserved by cementing it all over on the upper surface of tesserae, as from the state of decay of the cement originally used in the formation of the pavement, the tesserae are generally loose, and easily displaced. To secure the



Fig. 1.

pavement in an unbroken mass, I provide a shallow rim of wood (B B, Fig. 1), of the size, or a trifle larger, than the portion of pavement to be removed; its depth, somewhat dependant on the thickness of tesserae, and condition of pavement as to equality

of surface, may be from two to three inches; and its upper and under surface flat lids (A A and C C), capable of being screwed on and off, should be provided, forming together a shallow box of the size of pavement, with top and bottom removable. A nar-



Fig. 2.

row trench (D D, Fig. 2) is dug round the pavement, in which the wooden frame (B B, Fig. 1), the top and bottom lids having been removed, is placed,

with its upper edge a little above the surface of pavement, as in Fig. 3; the space intervening between it and the wooden rim (which, of course,

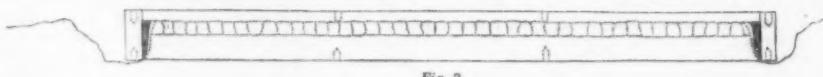


Fig. 3.

should be as small as possible) is then filled in with Portland cement (represented black in Figs. 3, 4, 5, and 6), and, when hard, the whole surface of tesserae floated over with plaster of Paris (represented by diagonal shading in Figs. 4 and 5) quite full to the level of the rim, upon which, while the plaster

is in a semi-liquid state, the top lid A A is screwed down. The pavement (see Fig. 4) is now within an inverted box, permanently cemented to it on the four sides by its edges, and temporarily attached to the lid by its surface with plaster of Paris. It is thus perfectly protected from injury, and may be detached from the foundation by excavation with a small pick-axe, at a level with the under surface of rim, and turned over.

If the piece of pavement is large, it may be

proped up at intervals as the excavation proceeds, lest its weight should detach it from the plaster.

If the old cement foundation (a part of which has been detached with the tesserae) is soft and decayed, as is generally the case, it can be easily removed from the back of the tesserae when the pavement is inverted, and replaced with a layer of Portland cement.

The piece of pavement can now be transported to any convenient place and refixed, or the bottom lid

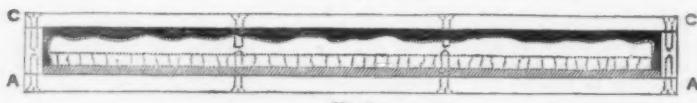


Fig. 4.

(C C, Fig. 1) screwed down and attached to the back of pavement with Portland cement (see Fig. 5, representing inverted pavement). All being now secure,

the pavement may be again turned face upwards, the temporary lid A A unscrewed and removed, the plaster of Paris picked off from face of pavement,

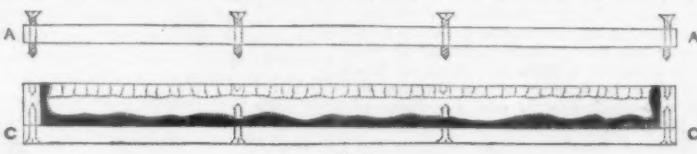


Fig. 5.

and the rim, which, it will be remembered, was placed a little above it, should be planed down level

with its surface, as shown in Fig. 6, or, if the pavement has been relaid, entirely removed.

No sort of difficulty occurred in removing the fragments of pavements from Wroxeter to the Shrewsbury Museum by this process, and it is believed that pavements of much larger dimensions could be taken up with equal facility, providing the strength and rigidity of the wood-work were made proportionate to their size.

The rims and lids of the boxes used at Wroxeter for pieces of pavement 3 feet by 3½ feet, were made of inch-thick deal.

Should any of your readers desire further particulars of the method of proceeding, I shall be happy to reply to any inquiries that may be addressed to me.

Broseley, Salop, 16th Sept. 1859.

ART AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The directors of the Crystal Palace have intimated to Mr. Thomas Hayes, that his services will not be any longer required by them, as superintendent of what has been somewhat humorously designated their "Fine-Art Department." What course may be adopted, when this "Department" and Mr. Hayes have ceased to be connected, has not yet been made known. Rumours have reached us, but they are sufficiently contradictory and improbable, either to be absolutely unfounded, or to contain the germ of what at present is an undeveloped fact. We trust, however, that at length the Crystal Palace will make an effort to rescue its "Fine-Art Department" from the lamentable condition of inanition, which has hitherto been its only distinguishing characteristic, unless, indeed, it has occasionally woken up to perpetrate some positive mischief. Until we find that such a resolution has been actually adopted, and is in force, we shall not expect to hear that the vacant "department" has been assigned, codicil-faision, to the already fully occupied and very efficient (in his own "department") Clerk of the Works, or that it has been absorbed amongst the directors themselves, each of them undertaking to do some of the Palace Art in the manner that seems best in his own sight. Mr. Bowley is an able man in his own art, which is music; Mr. Grove is first-rate as a secretary, and though he might accomplish great things for the "Fine-Art Department," if it were under his direction, and he had time and leisure to devote to it, his duties as secretary are too important and too onerous to admit of his attempting to add to his present responsibilities. So we shall await "coming events" in this matter, hoping much from them, even although expecting but little.

And yet we ought to expect from the directors of the Crystal Palace, that Art should be able to point to them, as to her truest friends and most strenuous supporters. Their power is great—at any rate it might be great, and great it would become, if it were rightly applied. The capabilities of the Crystal Palace it would be difficult to estimate too highly; and the public still look to the Crystal Palace, notwithstanding all its short-comings, as the institution which, beyond all others, might make good and true Art popular, and popular Art good and true. That nothing should have been done for Art hitherto at Sydenham, is the strongest of all possible arguments that as much should be done for Art now and in time to come, as it may be within the power of the Crystal Palace to accomplish. We have not forgotten certain clauses in the report put forth last summer by the Council of the "Crystal Palace Art-Union," in which the strongest stress is laid upon the advantages conferred by the Palace upon popular Art and Art-manufacturers. As we happen to be familiar with the Art-antecedents of the Sydenham institution, these passages of this "report" we have held to be *prospective* in their application, and we accordingly have based upon them whatever hopes we may entertain, that Art and Art-manufactures may in future acquire from the Crystal Palace advantages at present unknown.

We have reason to believe that a good appointment has lately been made, in the person of Mr. Bousfield, to the "Exhibitors' Department" of the Crystal Palace. This gentleman has not yet been sufficiently long in office to have accomplished much; but he has won favourable opinions, and he

has also given indications of being desirous to effect every available improvement. This is something that is at once novel and encouraging. The first step towards effecting beneficial changes is to desire them. Mr. Boussfield has a wide field open before him, and he has our best wishes for his success in every legitimate effort he may make to render it available for good. Perhaps, when something has been done in the "Fine-Art Department," we may be disposed to submit a few suggestions that may be found of practical utility to both Mr. Boussfield and his "Fine-Art" colleague.

There is another "department" in the Crystal Palace which, in its operations, has conformed very closely to that of the Fine Arts; this is the "Literary Department." We presume that it has obtained its title upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Since the original handbooks were prepared, when the Crystal Palace was first opened to the public, the "literary" productions of this department may be briefly described. It tried to accomplish an enlarged and improved edition of Samuel Phillips' "Shilling Guide to the Palace and Park," and the attempt proved a signal failure. Then it published a "Penny Guide,"—exactly the thing, or one of the things, that visitors to the Palace required. Unfortunately, however, the "Penny Guide" that visitors required was not, by any means, such a "Penny Guide" as this "Literary Department" placed before them. They wanted something they could buy for a penny, and which would really "guide" them. They found, indeed, that their penny would accomplish the purchase of this production; and they found also, when they had bought it, that it consisted of advertisements, ground-plans, and a series of short, dry paragraphs, execrably written, and absolutely devoid alike of information, interest, and utility. The advertisements were a nuisance, the ground-plans not one reader in a hundred could make out, and the character of the "literary" portion of the affair we have already given. As a matter of course, this "Penny Guide" has never become popular. And yet it has made a vigorous effort to attain to popularity; for it has of late been sold to visitors as a "New Penny Guide," the *newness* consisting in a fresh wrapper enclosing the old matter printed from the original stereotype-plates. And, with this ingenious device, the "Literary Department" has come to a halt. The almost innumerable subjects for brief popular papers, which the Crystal Palace suggests, and which might be sold in swarms, if they were worth having, are amongst the things which the future has to produce, if they are ever to be produced at all. We should like to "know the reason why" these things are so; and we should like to be informed upon what principle success can be looked for by the proprietors of the Crystal Palace, while these things are as they are.

We return once more to the "Fine-Art Department," that we may inquire whether there is any prospect of a thoroughly good "Handbook to the Ceramic Court" being forthcoming? Such a work would be eminently useful in itself, and could scarcely fail to be successful as a speculation. The Ceramic Court is the one spot in the Crystal Palace which exemplifies what the entire institution might have been, and ought to have been. Unhappily it stands almost alone, a solitary oasis; indeed, it is quite alone in its high character and unique excellence. Some months back, we heard that the court itself was to be re-fitted, and that its accomplished author, Mr. T. Battam, would then be empowered, by the liberality of collectors, to add considerably to its contents; but the Ceramic Court, when we last passed through it, remained *in statu quo*, and, like its neighbours, it could do no more than point to "a good time" that, it was to be hoped, might be "coming." The reputation of the Crystal Palace is endangered by any trifling with its best object. If the Ceramic Court requires fresh fittings, or new linings for its cases, or anything of that kind, let the renovations be done at once, or we shall be told that delays in such a matter are only a prelude to a suppression of the court itself, in order that its "space" may eventually be let to some speculative seller of cheap merchandise. The next thing to this would be to advertise the Crystal Palace as a circus, or a divan, or a compound establishment of some such Art-advancing description.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The collection of statues for the Louvre is augmented by the following:—"Actaeon," by M. Fulconis; "Wisdom," by M. Lepère; and "Sculpture," by Emile Blavier.—Our artists are busy commemorating the various events of the war, real and allegorical; several are commanded for Versailles.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, a casual observer might have supposed himself transported to a splendid exhibition of ancient times: the tables were covered with costumes, bijoux, ornaments, &c., of immense value, that once formed the toilette of a rich Egyptian lady, who died thousands of years ago. These splendid treasures of ancient Art have been brought from Egypt by M. Mariette, the intrepid traveller entrusted by the French Government with various important missions in the East. Unfortunately, these desirable objects will only remain here a short time; they belong to the Viceroy of Egypt, who has sent them to Paris to be repaired and put in order. The Viceroy has wisely decided that it is inexpedient to allow Egypt to be despoiled, and he now undertakes researches for himself. A museum of cast iron has been ordered, on the model of the building in the *Champs Elysées*, where all the precious discoveries will be arranged and classified. We are happy to record this proof of advancing civilization in the East.—The panorama by Colonel Langlois, in the *Champs Elysées*, is finished, and will shortly be opened for public inspection: the first artists have been employed on it.—The Museum of Grenoble has been enriched with a painting by Fra Bartolomeo, through the generosity of the mayor, M. Gaillard.—The magnificent library formed by Baron Humboldt, and left by him to his *valet-de-chambre*, has been purchased by Lord Bloomfield, ambassador at Berlin, for 40,000 thalers.—The competition works from Rome have been exhibited, with the prizes for painting, sculpture, &c. The following awards have been made:—Architecture—M. Boitte, first prize; M. Thierry and M. Pascal, second prizes. Painting—M. Ulmann, first prize; J. Lefebvre, second prize. There is nothing very remarkable in any of the productions.—A column and statue are to be erected at Compiegne, in memory of Joan of Arc.—Horace Vernet has almost finished his picture of "Napoleon I. surrounded by his Marshals"; M. Yvon has completed his designs for the pictures of the late Italian battles. M. Beause is executing an equestrian statue of Marshal Canrobert; and M. Dumont is at work on the model of a statue of Humboldt.

FLORENCE.—Our contemporary, the *Critic*, reports that, "a number of interesting drawings and manuscripts, by Michael Angelo, have just been discovered in that house at Florence which all Italian tourists will remember in the Via Ghibellina. The house has been changing hands lately, in consequence of some law proceedings, and has now become the property of the government. A letter from Florence says:—'The government has appointed a commission to arrange all the memorials; and I have been assured by one of the members of the commission that there have been found in the family archives many drawings of Michael Angelo hitherto unknown, and writings of the highest value, both original prose and poetical composition, from his pen; letters, not only unedited, but quite unknown, from the most illustrious men of his times, addressed to the artist, and tending to throw new light on the events of his life. Let us trust that the students of Art may rightly avail themselves of these treasures, and may finally write a complete story of Michael Angelo's life and times. The commission is already engaged in preparing the materials for a complete and correct edition of his writings.'—We also quote the following Art-news from the same source:—"The Tuscan government, thinking it their duty to labour at the promotion of letters and arts, have decreed that six statues shall be cast in bronze: two for Florence, to be erected in the Piazza Barbano, *alias* Piazza Maria Antonia, *alias* Piazza del' Indipendenza (a magnificent new square, destined, it would seem, to bear as many names as the Place de la Concorde in Paris), in honour of Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel II.; two for Leghorn, one to Charles Albert, the other to Victor Emanuel of Sardinia; one for Lucca, of Francesco Barlasci, a Lucchese patriot, 'first martyr of the cause of Italian independence'; one for Sienna, in honour of Salustio Bandini, 'the founder of the theories on economical freedom'; finally, one for Pisa, of Leonardo Fibonacci, 'the restorer of algebraic studies in Europe.' the statues of the Emperor and of the King, in Florence, to be ornamented by bas-reliefs, illustrating the events of the late Lombard war. Besides these sculptured works four historical pictures are to be painted, the subjects of which

are to be supplied by great events in ancient and modern Italian history. The modern subjects are the voting of the *déchéance* of the Austro-Lorraine dynasty by the Tuscan National Assembly; and the reception, by Victor Emanuel II., of the deputies of the said assembly, bearers of the vote for the annexation of Tuscany to the great and strong North Italian kingdom. Besides these, four battle pieces, celebrating the encounters of Curtatone, in 1848, Palestro, Magenta, and San Martino, and four more, *quadri di costume*, characteristic pieces representing different episodes of the late war, and six portraits of illustrious Italians, deceased within the last ten years, and well deserving of the country, as promoting by their writings the triumph of the national cause. These are—Vincenzo Gioberti, Cesare Balbo, Carlo Troya, Giovanni Berchet, Silvio Pellico, and Giuseppe Giusti. The engravers will have to execute portraits of Victor Emanuel and of the poet, Gio-Battista Niccolini. These two works are severally allotted to Professors Gustavo Bonaini and Filippo Levi. The engraving of all the statues and pictures above-mentioned, as well as the works themselves, will be assigned by free competition to such artists as may apply for them."

THE CATALOGUES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND THE PAINTERS AND PICTURES THEREIN CHRONICLED.*

EVERY sale of what are called "genuine effects" has its quota of pictures, whereof a great proportion are nameless productions, which find resting-places in the back shops of speculative dealers, until added to the collections of the adventurous *dilettanti* by whom such acquisitions are made. With increasing wonder do we peruse those mysterious catalogues, with their lists of unintelligible titles and long-forgotten names. But as it was then, so it is now; there is a legion of contemporary painters, who flourish in the sunshine of especial patronage, but who will be forgotten as soon as their names disappear from the catalogues of the day. Their works become depreciated, and in order still to make a market of them, *conscientious* dealers attribute them to men of distinguished reputation. Thus thousands of mediocre pictures are continually in the market; they are backed, re-lined, re-touched, re-cleaned—sold and re-sold—find a temporary resting-place on the walls of some incipient collector, from whose possession they return to that of the dealer, again to constitute a "gem" in the catalogue of another, who is fain, as of old, to reap wisdom as the fruit of folly.

In these days of matter-of-fact identity, it is even instructive to look back upon the quaint conceits of the portrait-painters and their sitters during the latter half of the last century. To mythology and allegory Rubens gave a temporary fashion; but the taste for the extravagance became exploded when it was determined that ordinary capacities could not deal with mythology as Rubens did. Vandyke relied upon his more refined taste, and painted his subjects as they were, making the most of what was presented to him. When Reynolds was becoming fashionable, he indulged extensively his mythological vein; but he had the *quo vivere*. He painted comparatively few subject-pictures; he was, therefore, anxious to give a pictorial character to his portraits, and could not help giving a portrait-like notion to his pictures. The titles which he gave to three-fourths of these portraits are lost and forgotten; but the persons whom they represent are, of course, still genealogically remembered, as the great grandfathers and grandmothers of extant descendants. They are, therefore, presented to us as "The Hon. Mrs. Wilkins and her daughter," or "Mrs. Hobson and her son;" and the curious spectator looks in vexations perplexity at the properties and attributes of the ladies, without dreaming that the former group is "Ceres and Proserpine," and the latter "Venus instructing Cupid to inflame Dido with love of *Æneas*"; for thus may both works have been entered in the catalogue, with lengthy Latin quotations. But all the faces are yet stars, if their lustre be not yet bedimmed by those pernicious "megilphs," that Barry so much deprecated. If we are disposed to be critical about dresses, hybrid between Olympus and

* Continued from page 154.

Pall Mall, the bright faces are eloquently apologetic for such unaccountable dove-tailing. Men were excluded from deification; we turn over the pages of the catalogues in vain for an example on canvas: perhaps the most remarkable instance of the time is Dr. Johnson as Hercules—a nude statue by Bacon, in St. Paul's Cathedral; after the erection of which exception was taken, with reason conspicuous enough, to male demi-deification. Through the affectation of concealing the names of persons whose portraits were exhibited, we find continually such titles as "Portrait of a Lady of Quality," "Portrait of a Nobleman," &c., a crotchet unintelligible in these days of prose, and plain coats and waistcoats, when everybody's name, at full length, is appended in the catalogue to the number of his portrait. In 1773 Reynolds painted the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, but their names were printed without any attempt at mystification. The same year was exhibited a work, considered one of the most remarkable of Reynolds's pictures—"Count Hugolino (*sic*) and his Children in the Dungeon, as described by Dante, in the thirty-third canto of the 'Inferno'." This picture was painted as a speculation, the subject having been suggested to him either by Burke or Goldsmith. Reynolds had then been painting more than twenty years, surrounded by all the wealth and distinction of the country, but never, during that time, had he received a commission for a "history picture." This was his first essay in a new direction, in which, from his own countrymen, he received no support whatever. He was in practice forty-six years, and it is most probable that he did not receive, during that time, ten commissions for poetical or historical compositions from Englishmen, apart from those commissioned for commercial purposes. His "Ugolino" remained on his hands a long time unsold. His "Infant Hercules," as is well known, was a commission from the Empress of Russia. Prince Potemkin commissioned "The Continence of Scipio," also "The Snake in the Grass;" Count D'Ademar purchased "Muscipula;" Monsieur de Calonne gave the commission for "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse;" Noel Desenfans purchased the "Girl with a Cat," and the "Girl with a Bird's Nest;" and M. Chaumier purchased the "Boy Praying." Thus was that genius honoured by foreigners, which was neglected by the fellow-countrymen of the painter.

"The Vestal Tuccia," "The Holy Family," and "The Gleaner," were commissioned by Macklin as speculations; and similar commissions were given by Boydell for "Robin Goodfellow," "Cardinal Beaufort," and the "Caldron Scene in 'Macbeth'."

The history of our art of one hundred years ago abounds in evidence to show that portrait-painting alone was the artist's staff of life. The most remarkable instance of what might be termed a success in composition during the last century was exemplified in Hogarth; but he united the man of business with the artist, and but for this combination he, like others, might have wanted bread. The secret of his success was the *abandon* which he showed as the satirist of the vices of his time, and the power that his education gave him of executing his works as prints. All his essays had a breadth of expression that spoke freely and literally to the limited Art-knowledge of the time. In the saddest histories he charmed his patrons by the introduction of some ridiculous incident, and led them, in the spirit of caricature, to the most melancholy of conclusions and the gravest of morals.

Hogarth's great work is his "Marriage à la Mode," now the property of the nation, as being of the Angerstein collection; and it is most fortunate that Hogarth is represented by this work, as there is no other so well fitted to show his powers. By Hogarth himself this story is called a "comical" narrative, and so it has been termed by others in deference to him; but of mirthful element there is but little in it, and many a narrative has been called tragic that terminated with much less of tragedy than a murder, a suicide, and an execution. In most of Hogarth's compositions there is a plethora of accessory, of which every item lifts up its voice and will be heard. This is according to the intention of the artist, but in many cases the impossibly accidental combinations destroy that speciousness of reality which should never be lost sight of in every kind of Art-narrative intended to impress the mind.

"Marriage à la Mode" is not, as Hogarth would

have it, a "comic" story, but a dire tragedy, showing how three persons suffered ruin and death through a course of life which, a century ago, was mildly called "folly," but what is now properly called vice. It is a history in six chapters, of which the first is "The Marriage Contract"—the second best picture of the series. It is finished in the artist's most careful manner—a nicely which is not sustained to the end; for the latter compositions, though not less perspicuous in story, are much less studied in execution. The arrangement of the figures in "The Marriage Contract" is such as might be expected from a man who could pronounce a "line of beauty;" but there is little in the series to suggest that Hogarth could produce an "Analysis of Beauty." In the first picture the alternation of the standing and sitting figures produces an admirable line of heads—a feature of the composition which escapes ordinary observers, but which is, nevertheless, a settlement effected only after considerable study and numerous sketching essays. On the right sits the old earl—a martyr to the gout—pointing to his family-tree, in which his descent is traced from William the Conqueror. Although building a new house, he is reminded whence he has obtained the funds by the packet of mortgage documents held before him. The only unoccupied person in the room is the bridegroom elect, who sits on the left in full dress, and taking snuff with the air of a man of the fashions of the time. The impersonation of Lord Squander represents a man less in stature than he appears in the succeeding scenes; his back is turned on his future wife, whose entire attention is engrossed by Counsellor Silvertongue, her future paramour, and to whose addresses she is already not indifferent. Passages of the drawing are extremely faulty; the wooden limbs, for instance, of the younger nobleman have been left with the easy and dangerous self-assurance—"That'll do," to which the glaring imperfections of so many valuable pictures are attributable. Had the features and extremities been more accurately made out, these works, for their time, had been models of paramount perfection.

The second scene, "After Marriage," shows Lord and Lady Squander at their fireside. This is generally understood to be a morning incident, but the clock marks the time twenty minutes past twelve, the wax lights are flickering in their sockets, and everybody is yawning. The time is, in truth, the "heel" of an evening which Lord and Lady Squander have spent according to their respective tastes. She has been entertaining her friends at cards, and is now taking a cup of tea. He has returned intoxicated from his nightly orgy at some pandemonium in the "Garden," or its vicinity. To each of the prints that Hogarth executed from these pictures he appended a couple of distiches of his own verse, which as to quality is much on a par with Turner's "Fallacies of Hope." Two of the lines descriptive of this subject are—

"Indifference, lassitude, and waste—
Shows revels in the nuptial taste."

And this is about the register of a man who wrote mortgage without the "t;" indeed, the infirmities of his orthography were always a joke against him. In the picture under consideration, Lord Squander looks a giant in comparison with his wife; the lower moiety of the person is much too long; and he is not the same person to whom we are introduced in the contract scene. Lady Squander, on the contrary, remains nearly the same throughout; she is *petite* in person, *petite* in manner, with features of rustic prettiness, and the expression of a heartless trifler.

These pictures were painted seven years before Reynolds returned from Italy; Hogarth, therefore, could not, have received any impulse in colour from his works;—had even Reynolds risen a cynosure in the summer-tide of Hogarth, the latter would not have condescended in aught to follow him. The observation is prompted by the delicate transparency of Lady Squander's carnations. Her face here and there is a juicy medallion; it is like a piece of fruit, more transparent than the peach which Reynolds commends to the memory of his disciples when at the easel. Of this kind of pearly, glistening transparency there was but little antecedent to Hogarth that he could have profited by. With the exception of Vandyke (and in Hogarth's

day the extent of our wealth in Vandykes was little known, and less accessible), the works of all the popular artists were dry and opaque; and any that were otherwise, to any extent, fell far short of the grey lustre of Hogarth's female heads, which seem descended from the "St. Catherine" of Veronese.

The third scene, that at the French quack doctor's, is said to be difficult of interpretation; but to those who skim a history so vicious, the question of the effect of the medicine matters but little. And it is not now interesting to know whether the centre colossal figure be Betsy Careless or Fanny Cook; for it has been disputed which of the two is represented by the figure. It is enough to observe that the figure is much too tall, and that of Lord Squander is somewhat too old. The best picture of the series is the "Countess' Levée;" it is full of figures remarkable for diversity of character. Here we find Lady Squander in the hands of her *friseur*, and deeply engaged in something beyond a flirtation with Counsellor Silvertongue, who is extended on a sofa, and points to a picture or print on the screen near him. This is essentially her ladyship's *réception*; Lord Squander is not present, but his absence is compensated by the presence of a certain class of notabilities that before and since the days of the Squanders have been extensively lionized by people of fashion. The two figures on the left, the one singing, the other playing the flute, are both musical notabilities of the time; and the natural variety of feature throughout the composition suggests the probability that each figure bears direct personal allusion to some known character. In the centre of the picture there is a person with red hair, wearing a gipsy bonnet, but it is impossible to determine the pose of the figure; her arms are extended, and she looks as if falling forward from her seat; but this could not be the intention of the painter, who may have proposed her movement as an act of applause addressed to the flute-player and singer; but whatever Hogarth may have intended this figure to express, must now remain a secret. The composition is full of allusion to every kind of extravagance and frivolity. Lady Squander has been making large purchases of curiosities at a sale: these are displayed on the floor, together with cards of invitation, one to a "drum," another to a "drum-major," and a third to a rout; but we do not see that which invited her ladyship to that fatal masquerade which brought final ruin and death to herself, her paramour, and her husband. The next scene is that in which Lord Squander discovers his wife and Silvertongue in their retreat. The men have fought; the latter is escaping from the window, and the former is falling mortally wounded, and the watch are entering at the door. The last scene is the death of Lady Squander, who, having taken refuge at her father's, in the city, poisons herself on hearing the streets resounding with "The last dying speech and confession of Counsellor Silvertongue;" and thus terminates this eventful history.

Hogarth left behind him the reputation of a great moral teacher. Undoubtedly many of his works were conceived and executed with a view of demonstrating the hideousness of vice; and if his descriptions were coarse, they were not unsuited to a time in which nothing but the broadest form of expression was acceptable. The "Marriage à la Mode," his crowning effort, was a fashionable novel, in the most tragic passages of which he could not help mingling a dash of his ever-ready vein of the ridiculous. As, for instance, in the scene wherein Lord Squander is killed, nothing can be more absurd than the manner of Silvertongue's escape; and in that in which the death of the countess occurs, the solemnity of the narrative is vitiated not only by certain of the figures in the composition, but especially by the starved hound carrying off the pig's head from the table. In the lower ranges of expression and diversity of character he was unequalled; but when he attempted a dignified presence, that became the least happy of his caricatures: it cost him much more of effort to characterize the industrious apprentice as Lord Mayor, than to present the idle apprentice in all his phases of crime. "The Idle Apprentice" is a story of the George Barnwell school, with less of sentiment, but in striking contrast to the history of the industrious apprentice. His greatest works were considered great moral lessons, but in the present day his method of teaching is so little consonant with public feeling,

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BRIGHTON.—An exhibition of drawings, &c., the production of the pupils of the Brighton School of Art, was opened to the public in September. The school has not yet been established a year, but its success hitherto is quite commensurate with the expectations of its friends and supporters; and the progress of the pupils, under the experience and assiduous attention of the master, Mr. John White, has hitherto proved quite satisfactory. Among the drawings exhibited on this occasion, the following, among a large number that showed both talent and industry, attracted very general attention:—a perspective view of the Brighton Dispensary, by J. Barnes; another of the Odd Fellows' Hall, Brighton, by G. Newton, both pupils of the artizans' class; a perspective drawing of the interior of a room at Brighton College; another of the school-room at the Mistresses' Training School; an "Interior," by R. King; a sectional view, nearly 12 feet long, of the Great Eastern; and several drawings from casts and models by Miss Farncombe, Smithers, and others.

MONTROSE.—Mr. Calder Marshall's memorial statue of the late Joseph Hume has been inaugurated: the likeness of the deceased is pronounced excellent by those competent to judge. The statue is 9 feet high, and stands on a pedestal nearly 12 feet in height: the right leg of the figure rests on a small pillar, bearing the arms of the town of Montrose and the name of the sculptor, and on it a mantle and a book are placed.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XI.—FROM MONMOUTH TO CHEPSTOW.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.



We must ask the reader to quit, for a time, the scenery to which in later Numbers we have introduced him, by the wild sea-shore—and to revisit the Wye, continuing our Tour downward from Monmouth, until the fair river loses itself in the Severn just below Chepstow town.

We have described the Kynin Hill, which overlooks Monmouth, and whence there is so grand a prospect, at once beautiful and sublime, presenting charming views in the immediate foreground, and a vast extent of country—forests, valleys, hills, and mountains,—enabling us, indeed, by a short circuit round this steep, to obtain sight of thirteen counties in England and Wales.

We resume our voyage down the river. Passing a tree-clad hill, called—we cannot say why—"Gibraltar," we arrive at its junction with the Monnow, which we leave to the right. Before us is Levock's Wood; and here the little river Trothy (having just past beside the ducal mansion of Troy, where resides the excellent agent of the Duke of Beaufort) becomes a tributary to the Wye. On the summit of a wooded height we see the pretty Church of PENALT. It is charmingly situate, looking down on the rich vale it seems at once to bless and to protect. Soon we reach a very different scene, affording all the advantages of contrast; for, rising above a mass of thick foliage, is the dense column of smoke that tells the whereabouts of a manufactory. It is the village of REDBROOK. There are quays here: we note the bustle of commerce,—other life than that of the stream and the forest. The masts of many barges rise from the river: they are loading or unloading. It is a manufactory of tin—or, rather, of tin in combination with iron—that gathers a population here, and breaks, pleasantly or unpleasantly, according to the mood of the wanderer, the sameness and solitude of the banks of the Wye.

Whitebrook is next reached. Both villages derive their names from streamlets which here find their way into the river,—the one passing over stones that are slightly tinged with red, the other being pure from any taint of colour. Adjacent to this village, crowning the summit of a hill,—Pen-y-fan,—still stands that time-honoured relic of Merry England, the May-pole. And here even now assemble, on May-day and other festive occasions, the neighbouring lads and lasses to enjoy the dance and make holiday.

A mile or so farther on and we cross the Wye by its only bridge—BIGG'S-WEIR BRIDGE—between Monmouth and Chepstow. It is of iron, a single arch, and very gracefully spans the river. In an ancient mansion here—Bigg's-weir House—are preserved some fine tapestries of very quaint design. Hence there is a circuitous road that leads to the famous Castle of ST. BRIEVAL, now a ruin, but one that has a prominent place in border history. We obtain a glimpse of it from the river, whence, however, it is distant some two miles; but it is worthy a visit. The Tourist will do well to moor his boat awhile, and enjoy a refreshing walk to this fine relic of the olden time.

St. Briavel's is in Gloucestershire. The saint after whom it is named is not to be found in the Romish Calender. He was probably a military saint, whose deeds, for good or evil, are forgotten; they have failed to reach posterity; history has no note of them; they are not even seen in "the dim twilight of tradition." But we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis that a castle was first erected here during the reign of Henry I., by Milo Fitzwalter, Earl of Hereford, "to curb the incursions of the Welsh,"—a purpose it was well calculated to answer, situate as it was in full view of a large portion of the Wye, and skirting the Forest of Dean. We borrow all that can be told of its history from a contributor to the "Archæologia Cambrensis."

"The Keep, which was square in form, was probably of Norman date, and no doubt the circuit of walls may have been of the same period. The castle may have consisted of nothing more than an outer wall, with a single bailey within, and the Keep in the highest portion of the ground so enclosed. Giraldus says that the castle was burnt when Sir Walter Clifford held it, and that Mahel, youngest son of Sir Milo Fitzwalter, the founder, lost his life on the occasion, by a stone falling from the highest tower on his head. In the thirteenth century some new buildings were added, the old ones having been repaired; for the two demi-rounders of

the gate-house, some of the buildings on the west side immediately adjoining, and that in the middle of the west front, still standing, are all of the second half of this century, though much mutilated, altered, and added to, at later periods. Judging from the actual condition



REDBROOK.

of the buildings, we should say that these now remaining must have been at least commenced during the energetic reign of Edward I."

The list of Constables of St. Briavel's comprises the most prominent of the peers of various reigns, from that of King John to that of George III.



LANDOGO.

The entrance gateway, between two demi-rounders, with an oblong pile of building extending southwards, remains in tolerable preservation. On the outside of the castle is a picturesque chimney-shaft, surmounted by the horn, which was the badge of the warder of the forest. In

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YARMOUTH.—The second annual report of the committee of the School of Art in this place has been published: its contents evidence the successful working of the institution. During the past sessional year the aggregate number of pupils attending the principal school has been 161, and at the auxiliary schools about 850.

PLYMOUTH.—An exhibition of the works of the students in the Plymouth School of Art was opened on the 28th of September.

BRIGHTON.—An exhibition of drawings, &c., the production of the pupils of the Brighton School of Art, was opened to the public in September. The school has not yet been established a year, but its success hitherto is quite commensurate with the expectations of its friends and supporters; and the progress of the pupils, under the experience and assiduous attention of the master, Mr. John White, has hitherto proved quite satisfactory. Among the drawings exhibited on this occasion, the following, among a large number that showed both talent and industry, attracted very general attention:—a perspective view of the Brighton Dispensary, by J. Barnes; another of the Odd Fellows' Hall, Brighton, by G. Newton, both pupils of the artizan class; a perspective drawing of the interior of a room at Brighton College; another of the school-room at the Mistresses' Training School; an "Interior," by R. King; a sectional view, nearly 12 feet long, of the Great Eastern; and several drawings from casts and models by Miss Farncombe, Smithers, and others.

MONTROSE.—Mr. Calder Marshall's memorial statue of the late Joseph Hume has been inaugurated: the likeness of the deceased is pronounced excellent by those competent to judge. The statue is 9 feet high, and stands on a pedestal nearly 12 feet in height: the right leg of the figure rests on a small pillar, bearing the arms of the town of Montrose and the name of the sculptor, and on it a mantle and a book are placed.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.PART XI.—FROM MONMOUTH TO CHEPSTOW.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

E must ask the reader to quit, for a time, the scenery to which in later Numbers we have introduced him, by the wild sea-shore—and to revisit the Wye, continuing our Tour downward from Monmouth, until the fair river loses itself in the Severn just below Chepstow town.

We have described the Kymin Hill, which overlooks Monmouth, and whence there is so grand a prospect, at once beautiful and sublime, presenting charming views in the immediate foreground, and a vast extent of country,—forests, valleys, hills, and mountains,—enabling us, indeed, by a short circuit round this steep, to obtain sight of thirteen counties in England and Wales.

We resume our voyage down the river. Passing a tree-clad hill, called—we cannot say why—"Gibraltar," we arrive at its junction with the Monnow, which we leave to the right. Before us is Levoock's Wood; and here the little river Trothy (having just past beside the ducal mansion of Troy, where resides the excellent agent of the Duke of Beaufort) becomes a tributary to the Wye. On the summit of a wooded height we see the pretty Church of PENALT. It is charmingly situate, looking down on the rich vale it seems at once to bless and to protect. Soon we reach a very different scene, affording all the advantages of contrast; for, rising above a mass of thick foliage, is the dense column of smoke that tells the whereabouts of a manufactory. It is the village of REDBROOK. There are quays here: we note the bustle of commerce,—other life than that of the stream and the forest. The masts of many barges rise from the river: they are loading or unloading. It is a manufactory of tin—or, rather, of tin in combination with iron—that gathers a population here, and breaks, pleasantly or unpleasantly, according to the mood of the wanderer, the sameness and solitude of the banks of the Wye.

Whitebrook is next reached. Both villages derive their names from streamlets which here find their way into the river,—the one passing over stones that are slightly tinged with red, the other being pure from any taint of colour. Adjacent to this village, crowning the summit of a hill,—Pen-y-fan,—still stands that time-honoured relic of Merry England, the May-pole. And here even now assemble, on May-day and other festive occasions, the neighbouring lads and lasses to enjoy the dance and make holiday.

A mile or so farther on and we cross the Wye by its only bridge—BIGG'S-WEIR BRIDGE—between Monmouth and Chepstow. It is of iron, a single arch, and very gracefully spans the river. In an ancient mansion here—Bigg's-weir House—are preserved some fine tapestries of very quaint design. Hence there is a circuitous road that leads to the famous Castle of St. BRIAVEL, now a ruin, but one that has a prominent place in border history. We obtain a glimpse of it from the river, whence, however, it is distant some two miles; but it is worthy a visit. The Tourist will do well to moor his boat awhile, and enjoy a refreshing walk to this fine relic of the olden time.

St. Briavel's is in Gloucestershire. The saint after whom it is named is not to be found in the Romish Calender. He was probably a military saint, whose deeds, for good or evil, are forgotten; they have failed to reach posterity; history has no note of them; they are not even seen in "the dim twilight of tradition." But we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis that a castle was first erected here during the reign of Henry I., by Milo Fitzwalter, Earl of Hereford, "to curb the incursions of the Welsh,"—a purpose it was well calculated to answer, situate as it was in full view of a large portion of the Wye, and skirting the Forest of Dean. We borrow all that can be told of its history from a contributor to the "Archæologia Cambrensis."

"The Keep, which was square in form, was probably of Norman date, and no doubt the circuit of walls may have been of the same period. The castle may have consisted of nothing more than an outer wall, with a single bailey within, and the Keep in the highest portion of the ground so enclosed. Giraldus says that the castle was burnt when Sir Walter Clifford held it, and that Mahel, youngest son of Sir Milo Fitzwalter, the founder, lost his life on the occasion, by a stone falling from the highest tower on his head. In the thirteenth century some new buildings were added, the old ones having been repaired; for the two demi-rounders of

the gate house, some of the buildings on the west side immediately adjoining, and that in the middle of the west front, still standing, are all of the second half of this century, though much mutilated, altered, and added to, at later periods. Judging from the actual condition



REDBROOK.

of the buildings, we should say that these now remaining must have been at least commenced during the energetic reign of Edward I."

The list of Constables of St. Briavel's comprises the most prominent of the peers of various reigns, from that of King John to that of George III.



LANDOGO.

The entrance gateway, between two demi-rounders, with an oblong pile of building extending southwards, remains in tolerable preservation. On the outside of the castle is a picturesque chimney-shaft, surmounted by the horn, which was the badge of the warden of the forest. In

the interior there is a remarkable fire-place, which the eminent architect, Mr. Seddon, who is now restoring Llandaff Cathedral, has very accurately described. It is a genuine and very boldly treated early English example: "the counter-



TOMBSTONE AT ST. BRIAVEL'S.

forts at the angles are beautifully-moulded circular brackets, supported on carved corbels." One of the windows we have pictured, as well as an ancient stone in the adjacent graveyard of the church—a venerable structure, that may certainly date as far back as the protecting castle.



WINDOW AT ST. BRIAVEL'S.

There is a vague tradition that King John was some time either a guest or a prisoner within these towers; and that he wrote this couplet there:—

"St. Briavel's water and Whyrall's wheat
Are the best bread and water King John ever eat."

For the drawings we have engraved we are indebted to the courtesy of an esteemed correspondent—W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth.*

* The Rev. Lewis West, the minister of the Moravian church, at Brockweir, informs us that there is a singular and very "venerable" custom connected with St. Briavel's. In the neighbourhood there is a district of land which was originally in the possession of the crown, and which is usually called "the Hudnalls." This district was by some person, either with or without legal authority, given to the inhabitants and freeholders of St. Briavel's, for herbage for "cattle, sheep, and goats." As an equivalent to such poor who sent none of these animals to feed on the said district, a yearly "scramble" of bread and cheese was provided, by an annual tax of one penny levied upon every householder who availed himself of the privilege.

This scramble for about three centuries was made in the church, so that on the Sunday, at the feast of Whitsuntide, immediately after the invocation of divine peace on the assembly, which usually thronged together on that occasion, began the unseemly contest, as to whom was to belong the larger portion of the edibles dispensed. The clerk, standing in the front of the gallery, was the appointed chief agent in the affray, and the divisions of seats and pews became means of exercising the grotesque agility of all the old and young, the lame, the blind, and ragged boys and girls performing their part in the scene, according to their peculiar humour and adroitness. Happily, with the growth of good sense and propriety, to say nothing of the piety, of the generations succeeding, this ludicrous scramble now takes place on the outside of the church.

The village of LANDOGO is soon reached: here we find evidence of active trade; for there are boats moored at small quays on either side the river. It is to its exceeding beauty of situation that Landogo owes its fame. The church, a very old edifice, *supposed* to be dedicated to St. James, stands in a dell at the foot of a mountainous glen, in every crevice of which there are white cottages; each cottage having its "bit of land" laid out as a garden, where flowers and vegetables are pleasantly intermixed. Every cottager is a freeholder, and in this little nook of the Wye they number no less than seventy; having, therefore, a preponderating influence, if they act together, in determining who shall be knight of the shire—Monmouthshire. Mr. Hulme has conveyed an accurate idea of this very charming scene, with its striking combination of wood and water, hill and dale, and cheerful cottages among groups of venerable trees.

On we pass—the river becoming somewhat less contracted, and losing much of the sameness that has marked its course hitherto, and which we are again to encounter as we proceed down-



ST. BRIAVEL'S.

ward; for rock, trees, underwood, and water are its charms, row where we will on the bosom of the Wye. And soon we reach another village—BROCKWEIR, in Gloucestershire. The brook that gave it a name, and the weir attached to it, are still there. Some good cottage houses skirt the bank; but the most striking and interesting object of the village is the little church, that stands among a group of trees—its turret seen above the roofs of surrounding houses: it is a Moravian church, presided over by an excellent minister—the Rev. Lewis West. Its schools are ample for the district, and exceedingly well arranged; and the graveyard exhibits the singular and felicitous simplicity that prevails in all the habits of a primitive and tranquil band of worshippers, who seem fitly placed in this calm and beautiful locality.* The church was erected in 1832, on ground given for the purpose by his grace the Duke of Beaufort; there was, at that time, no more lawless district in the kingdom; and it was for that reason the Moravians, "the United Brethren," were induced to send there "a mission of mercy." It is impossible to visit this simple place of worship without a feeling of sober yet intense delight.



BIGG'S-WEIR BRIDGE.

* Simplicity, in its ordinary sense, will soon be obsolete—if not as a word, certainly as a fact; to greet the eye only in old songs, novels, and churchyards—such as this. "Simplicity" is still to be met with in the "God's acre" of the Quakers and the Moravians; it is very tranquilizing to find, either within the folds of our English hills, as we did the last resting-

* It is a somewhat remarkable fact that, in the days which belong to the dark ages of this locality, the piece of ground now occupied by this sacred edifice, was a perpetual scene of revelry, and its usual accompaniments, at every holiday and feast time, as well as the favourite resort on the Sabbath of the villagers at their rustic sports—fighters as well as dancers. Persons yet living remember the last bet that was laid here, to the amount of £120, by a farmer, from a distant county—for men came from far and near to this place of outlawry—upon a dying cock, whether it would raise its head once again from the turf to peck at its adversary.

place of William Penn, or here beside the wandering and beautiful Wye, the burial-ground of the departed. There is eloquent silence within its precincts; the song of the bird, or murmur of the bee, are the only sounds that mingle with the rustling leaves. The lights creep tenderly through the foliage, and chequer the soft grass. The "monuments" are few, and very plain—

"No storied urn, or animated bust."

and the names recorded seem rather those of an old world than a new. We saw two little girls, one much older than the other, hand in hand, walking slowly from grave to grave; the elder paused, and read the inscriptions to the younger. There was something so singular in their appearance and manner, something so *non-childish*, that we asked them if they were looking for any particular grave. The younger said—

"Yes!" with so sad a tone in her voice, and so sweet an expression in her delicate face, that she riveted our attention from the moment she spoke. The elder was much handsomer, a really beautiful girl, about ten years old; she was health itself, while the younger was, even then, almost an angel. We asked whose grave they sought: and again the younger spoke—

"Mother's!"

"Mother," said the elder, "lies there, where the primrose leaves are so large, and you see the rose-tree. I saw her coffin go down myself; but little Rachel was ill, and could not leave her bed then. She will not believe but that mother has a head-stone; and she often coaxes me to come with her here, and read out to her all the painted letters. She thinks she will find mother's name on one of the headstones. She will not believe me, when I show her the wild primroses, and the green grass. If father had been alive, mother would have had a head-stone; but father was drowned in the river, and, soon after, mother died. The doctor said she pined, but she died—"

"Come," said the younger, pulling her sister's dress, "come, we must find it to-day—come!"

"It hurts me so, that she won't believe me!" continued the elder; "and I have read her what is on every tombstone at least a hundred times; and still, every morning, her great eyes open long before mine, and I find her looking at me; and she puts her little thin arms round my neck, and whispers, 'If Rachel is good, Kesiah, will you come to the church-yard, and find mother?' She can understand everything but that: the doctor calls it a monomania; I am afraid—" she added, grasping her little sister's arm, as if resolved to keep her, whether God willed or not—"I am afraid, whatever it is, it will take her from me—and we are only two!"

"Come, come," said the little one; "come, and find mother!"

To the south of Brockweir, up a precipitous and well-wooded mountain, which you ascend by a winding path, you meet with "Offa's Chair," a point on the ancient embankment of "Offa's Dyke," erected, by the Saxons, as a barrier against the Britons. This relic of antiquity, originally consisting of a ditch and a mound, with a high wall, is said to have been erected about the year 758, by Offa, the successor of Ethelbald, who, having shrunk before the gigantic stature and bloody hand of his adversary, Edilthim, was, to remove the disgrace, killed on the following night by his own guards. Cland Offa, as the Welsh style it, or the Ditch of Offa, originally extended from the mouth of the River Dee, a little above Flint Castle, to the mouth of the Wye; and if a Briton passed this barrier he became punishable with death.

From this elevated spot, the eye sweeps over the whole adjacent country, up to the beautiful falls of Clydden (which are falls, however, only in rainy weather), overlooking also the heights of Brockweir, the Villa of Coed Ithei, Norton House, and the neighbouring villages, which seem enclosed in serpentine folds of the river, with its rich emerald banks.

On the same ridge of hill, as it diverges to the southward, and at a similar altitude, there is a peculiar and romantic eminence standing out from the surrounding wood, called "the Devil's Pulpit." The Tourist must descend the narrow pathway by which he ascended to Offa's Chair, until he gains a grassy platform, or field, known by the name of Turk's Ground; then turning to the left, he will discover another steep ascent, striking off to the right hand, by a winding path, that will ultimately introduce him to a view of charming diversity. The rock was, until successive rains and frosts had pulverized the rude ascending staircase, very much in form like a pulpit, jutting out from underneath overhanging branches of dark yew trees.

We approach the village and church of TINTERNE PARVA, beautifully situate among trees on the river's brink. It is an old place; the church has been "restored," except the porch, a venerable relic. There was an ancient building here, of which there remain a few broken walls; they indicate, probably, the site of "the villa or extra-cloister residence of the abbots of Tinterne, to which, at certain seasons, they

could retire from the exercise of their public functions, and enjoy the privileges of social life—the society and conversation of friends and strangers—without the forms and austerities of the cloister." It is now, as it was then, a calm and quiet solitude;* where nature invites to simple luxuries of hill and valley, rock and river; and forms a striking contrast to the gorgeous, yet graceful, and very beautiful ruin, at the water-gate of which we now moor our boat—the long-renowned ABBEY OF TINTERNE.

From the water, from the heights, from the road—no matter on which side approached, or from what position beheld—the abbey excites a feeling of deep and intense veneration,



BROCKWEIR.

of solemn and impressive awe. It may be less gloomy, less "monastic," than others of its order—deriving fame more from grace and beauty than from grandeur and a sense of power; but the perfect harmony of all its parts, and the simple, yet sublime, character of the whole, give it high place among the glorious bequests of far-off ages, and entitle it to that which it universally receives—the earnest homagé of the mind and heart.

By the courtesy of the custodian of the abbey we were admitted within its gates when the solemnity of night was over the ruined fane. Bats were flitting through broken windows,



TINTERNE PARVA.

and every now and then a "moping owl" uttered the deep plaint that at such an hour—or at any hour—there should be intruders to molest

"Her ancient, solitary reign."

* It would be difficult to picture to the mind's eye a scene of more enchanting repose: in such a place as this (Tinterne Parva), with such objects before him—the verdant pastures, the pendent groves, the winding river, the tranquil sky; with these before him, ambition forgets the world; sorrow looks up with more cheerful resignation; cares and disappointments lose both their weight and their sting; with so little of sordid earth, so much of the sublimity of nature, to contemplate, his thoughts become chastened, soothed, and elevated, and the heart expands under a new sense of happiness, and feeling of brotherly kindness and benevolence towards everything that breathes." We extract this passage from "The Castles and Abbeys of England," by Dr. William Beattie—a work from which we shall freely borrow, not only letter-press, but engravings, which circumstances enable us to do. The amiable and accomplished author has written at great length concerning this beautiful ruin; consulting the best authorities, and condensing nearly all that is valuable in their histories; passing an immense amount of information through the alembic of his own generous, inquiring, and reflective mind, and communicating the knowledge he had derived from books, in combination with the reasonings of the philosopher and the feelings of the poet.

It needed no light of sun, or moon, or torch, to let us read on these ivy-mantled towers—on that “Cistercian wall”—the “confident assurance” of its long-departed inmates.

“Here man more rarely lives, less oft doth fall;
More promptly rises, walks with nicer heed;
More safely rests, dies happier; is freed
Earlier from cleansing fire, and gains withal
A brighter crown.”

It was a time and place for holy contemplation, for calm and hallowed thought, for a heart’s outpouring in silent prayer, for earnest appreciation of by-gone glories, of solemn communion with the past. It was no hard task for Fancy, under such exciting, yet tranquilizing, circumstances, to see again the pale moonlight through “storied windows;” to hear the mingled music of a thousand voices rolling round sculptured pillars, ascending to the fretted roof; to follow, with the eye and ear, the tramp of sandaled monks—nay, to watch them as they passed by, their white robes gleaming in the mellowed light, solemnly pacing round and about the ruin, restored to its state of primal glory and beauty, adorned by the abundant wealth of Art it received from hundreds of princely donors and benefactors.

“In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If aught of ancestry can be believed,
Descending angels have conversed with men,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.”

Having spent a night at the humble, yet pleasant, hostelry—“The Beaufort Arms”—which now, in its half a dozen rooms gives, or rather permits, hospitality to guests at Tinterne—in lieu of huge chambers, in which pilgrims rested, barons feasted, and princes were “entertained”—a morning was most agreeably and profitably passed among the ruins, accompanied by the venerable custodian, who holds them in charge, and fulfils his trust faithfully. Everything is cared for that ought to be preserved; the *debris* is never left in unseemly places; the carpet of the nave is the purest and healthiest sward; the ivy is sufficiently free, yet kept within “decent bounds;” and there is no longer danger of those vandal thefts that robbed the church and all its appanages to mend byways and build styes. But the ruin belongs to the Duke of Beaufort; and those who have visited Raglan, Chepstow, Oystermouth, and other “properties” of his grace, will know that Tinterne is with him a sacred gift, to be ever honourably treated. Nor may those who, either here or elsewhere, express a feeling of gratitude to “the Duke,” forget that to his excellent agent and representative, Mr. Wyatt, they owe very much for the satisfaction they receive, and the gratification they enjoy, when visiting remains on any one of the Beaufort estates.

The Abbey of Tinterne* was founded A.D. 1131, by Walter de Clare, for monks of the Cistercian order, and dedicated to St. Mary. The order of Cistercians, or Whitefriars, made its appearance in England about the year 1128. Originally

the brotherhood was limited to twelve, with their abbot, “following the example of the Saviour.” Their rules were exceedingly strict; they surrendered all their wealth to their order; they selected their localities in solitudes apart from cities: poverty and humility were their distinguishing characteristics. Gradually, however, they obtained immense revenues; and acquired a taste for luxuries; their stern discipline was exchanged for reckless licence; and their splendid abbeys, in which they “dwelt like princes,” evidence the “pride that goeth before a fall;” be-

coming, at last, so numerous and so powerful, that they were said to “govern all Christendom;” at least, they had preponderating influence over every government and kingdom of Europe. Thus they obtained enormous grants and large immunities from kings and barons; and undoubtedly extended learning and propagated religion—such as they believed religion to be. A natural consequence of unrestricted rights

* The name is understood to be derived from the Celtic words *dis*, a fortress, and *teyrn*, a sovereign or chief; “for it appears from history, as well as tradition, that a hermitage belonging to Theodoric, or Tendric, King of Glamorgan, originally occupied the site of the present abbey, and that the royal hermit, having resigned the throne to his son, Maurice, led an eremitical life among the rocks and trees here.”

and unrestrained power followed, and the stern, silent, abstemious, and self-mortifying Cistercians became notorious for depravity. Their abbeys in England fell at the mandate of the eighth Harry; there was neither desire nor effort to continue the good they had achieved, while arresting and removing the evil they had effected. The Earl of Worcester received “the site” of Tinterne (28 Henry VIII.), and in that family it has ever since continued.*

Other munificent donors continued the great work Walter de Clare had commenced. The endowments were largely augmented by Gilbert de Strongbow, lord of the neighbouring Castle



TINTERNE, FROM THE WYE.

of Striguil, and by the Earls of Pembroke, his successors. It was Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who founded the abbey church, when, A.D. 1268, the first mass at the high altar was celebrated; and down, almost to the period of “the dissolution,” its benefactors included many of the princes and peers of England.

It seems to have become a ruin rapidly: it was stripped of its lead during the wars of Charles I. and the Commonwealth; for a century afterwards, it was treated as a stone quarry;



TINTERNE, FROM THE CHEPSTOW ROAD.

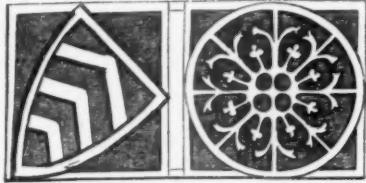
and Gilpin, writing in 1782, gives a frightful picture of the state of filth and wretchedness to which the glorious pile of the Norman knights had been subjected, and the utter misery of the

* In 1098, arose the Cistercian order. It took the name from Citeaux (Latinized into Cistercium), the house in which it was founded, by Robert de Thierry. Stephen Harding, an Englishman, the third abbot, brought the new order into some repute; but it is to the fame of St. Bernard, who joined it in A.D. 1113, that the speedy and widespread popularity of the new order is to be attributed. The order was introduced into England, at Waverley, in Surrey, in A.D. 1128. The Cistercians professed to observe the rule of St. Benedict with rigid exactness; only that some of the hours which were devoted by the Benedictines to reading and study, the Cistercians devoted to manual labour. They affected a severe simplicity; their houses were simple, with no lofty towers, no carvings or representations of saints, except the crucifix; the furniture and ornaments of their establishments were in keeping—chambers of fustian, candlesticks of iron, napkins of coarse cloth, the cross of wood, and only the chalice of precious metal. The amount of manual labour prevented the Cistercians from becoming a learned order, though they did produce a few men distinguished in literature. They were excellent farmers and horticulturists; and are said, in early times, to have almost monopolised the wool trade of the kingdom. They changed the colour of the Benedictine habit, wearing a white gown and a hood over a white cassock; when they went beyond the walls of the monastery they also wore a black cloak. St. Bernard of Clairvaux is the great saint of the order. They had seventy-five monasteries and twenty-six nunneries, in England, including some of the largest and finest in the kingdom.—Rev. E. CURRIE, in the *Art-Journal*.

neighbouring inhabitants—a population of literal beggars;* in the place where food and drink had been accorded of right to all who needed; whence no man nor woman went empty away; where the weary and the sorrowful never sought relief in vain; where in letter, as well as in spirit, this was the motto for all to read:—

"Pilgrim, whosoe'er thou art,
Worn with travel, faint with fear,
Halt or blind, or sick of heart,
Bread and welcome wait thee here."

All writers are warm in praise of the exceeding beauty of the ruins of Tinterne; less of the exterior, however, than of the interior. "The Abbey of Tinterne," writes Bucke, in his "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature," "is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our gothic monuments: there every arch infuses a solemn energy, as it were, into inanimate nature, a sublime antiquity breathes mildly in the heart; and the soul, pure and passionless, appears susceptible of that state of tranquillity, which is the perfection of every earthly wish." We quote also a passage from Roscoe's charming book. "Roofed only by the vault of heaven—



ENCAUSTIC TILES.

paved only with the grass of earth, Tinterne is, probably, now more impressive and truly beautiful, than when 'with storied windows richly dight,' for nature has claimed her share in its adornment, and what painter of glass, or weaver of tapestry, may be matched with her? The singularly light and elegant eastern window, with its one tall mullion ramifying at the top, and leaving the large open spaces beneath to admit the distant landscape, is one chief feature in Tinterne. The western window is peculiarly rich in adornment, and those of the two transepts of like character, though less elevated." Thus also writes Gilpin: "When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view, the elements of air and earth its only covering and pave-



EFFIGY OF A KNIGHT.

ment, and the grand and venerable remains which terminated both perfect enough to form the perspective, yet broken enough to destroy the regularity, the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene."

Besides the engravings that picture in our pages the Exterior of the Abbey, distant views taken by Mr. Hulme,—one "from the village, looking down stream," the other "from the Chepstow Road,"—we give those that convey sufficiently accurate ideas of the peculiar charms and beauties of the Interior—the East Window, the West Window, and the Guest-Chamber.

* There is nothing like misery, nor much that looks like poverty, to be found now in the village and neighbourhood of Tinterne. Several neat, though small, houses are let as lodgings; and besides the comfortable little inn, "The Beaufort Arms," there are two other inns, with fair promises of "entertainment." The accommodation they afford, however, is by no means adequate to the demand in the season; but that is no great evil, inasmuch as Tinterne is but five miles from Chepstow, and ten miles from Monmouth—both places abounding in hotels.

Nearly sixty years have passed since Archdeacon Coxe wrote, and Sir Richard Colt Hoare pictured, the beautiful details of this deeply interesting ruin; the "facts" are little altered since then. On entering from the west, "the eye passes rapidly along a range of elegant gothic pillars, and glancing under the sublime arches that supported the tower (entirely gone), fixes itself on the splendid relics of the eastern window, the grand termination of the choir. From the length of the nave, the height of the walls, the aspiring form of the pointed arches, and the size of the east window, which closes the perspective, the first impressions are those



THE WEST WINDOW, FROM THE CHANCEL.

of grandeur and sublimity. But as these emotions subside, and we descend from the contemplation of the whole to the examination of the parts, we are no less struck with the regularity of the plan, the lightness of the architecture, and the delicacy of the ornaments; we feel that elegance is its characteristic no less than grandeur, and that the whole is a combination of the beautiful and the sublime."

The abbey is a cruciform structure, consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, transepts, and choir. Its length from east to west is 228 feet, and from north to south, at the transepts,



THE EAST WINDOW, FROM THE ENTRANCE.

150 feet. The nave and choir are 37 feet in breadth, the height of the central arch is 70 feet, of the smaller arches 30 feet, of the east window 64 feet, and of the west window 42 feet. The total area originally enclosed by the abbey walls is said to have been 34 acres. These walls may now be easily traced, and some of the dependant buildings are yet in a good state of preservation: in one of them the custodian of the abbey lives.

Judiciously placed, so as not to intrude on the eye, yet carefully preserved, are many relics of its former greatness. Among the old encaustic tiles, grouped into a corner—some of them

cleansed, but the greater part retaining the mould which time has placed over them—are several which bear the arms of the abbey donors; we copy two of these tiles: others represent flowers, animals, and "knights in full career at a tournament." The most interesting of its relics, however, is the effigy of a knight "in chain armour, a pavache shield, and crossed legs," supposed to be that of Strongbow, first Earl of Pembroke; but more probably that of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, the builder of the church—Sir S. Meyrick so considers it. It is still in a good state, and is said to have been entire not many years ago, when a drunken brute, returning from a village orgie, struck the head from the body, and mutilated the members.

One of the most beautiful, and by no means the least interesting, parts of the ruin is "the Hospitium," or Guest-Hall. It was a spacious and lofty chamber, with a vaulted stone roof, supported on pillars, of which the massive bases yet remain. "Of the style of architecture employed in this dining hall, the numerous windows, with their mullioned partitions, tall shafts, and foliated arches, face shafts, and corbel heads along the walls, from which sprang the lofty groined vault that covered and connected the whole, present a tolerably distinct picture—

"Along the roof a maze of mouldings slim,
Like veins that o'er the hand of lady wind,
Embraced in closing arms the key-stone trim,
With hieroglyphs and cyphers quaint combined,
The riddling art that charmed the Gothic mind."

Dr. Beattie has given a plan of the abbey, which we borrow from the pages of his valuable book.

And such is Tinterne Abbey—a ruin eloquent of the past: a delicious combination of grace and grandeur, well expressed by the single word, HARMONY. A hundred years at least were occupied in its erection, from the commencement to the finish, and many hands must have been employed in its building and adornments; yet it would seem as if one spirit presided over and guided the whole, so perfect is it in "keeping." Anywhere it would be an object of surpassing interest; but neither Art nor language can do sufficient justice to the scenery amid which the Abbey stands. Wood and water, hill and valley, were essentials to the monks, when they founded any structure, and here they had them all in admirable perfection!

Thus on this subject writes Gilpin:—"A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found; the woods and glades intermixed, the winding of the river, the variety of the ground, the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Everything around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allure by such a scene to become an inhabitant of it." These words we borrow from Archdeacon Coxe:—"The picturesque appearance of the ruins is considerably heightened by their position in a valley watered by the meandering Wye, and, backed by wooded eminences, which rise abruptly from the river, unite a pleasing intermixiture of wildness and culture, and temper the gloom of monastic solitude with the beauties of nature." Undoubtedly the quiet enjoyment received at Tinterne is largely enhanced by the landscape charms in which the ruin is enveloped; but it has many attractions apart from the scenery: it is a graceful, beautiful, and deeply interesting remain of the olden time. "On the whole," writes Grose, summing up his details concerning Tinterne, "though this monastery is undoubtedly light and elegant, it wants that gloomy solemnity so essential to religious ruins; it wants those yawning vaults and dreary recesses which strike the beholder with religious awe, make him almost shudder at entering them, and call into his mind all the tales of the nursery. Here, at one cast of the eye, the whole is comprehended—nothing is left for the spectator to guess or explore; and this defect is increased by the ill-placed neatness of the poor people who show the building, and by whose absurd labour the ground is covered over by a turf as even and trim as that of a bowling-green, which gives the building more the air of an artificial ruin in a garden than that of an ancient decayed abbey." "How unlike," he adds, "the beautiful description of the poet—

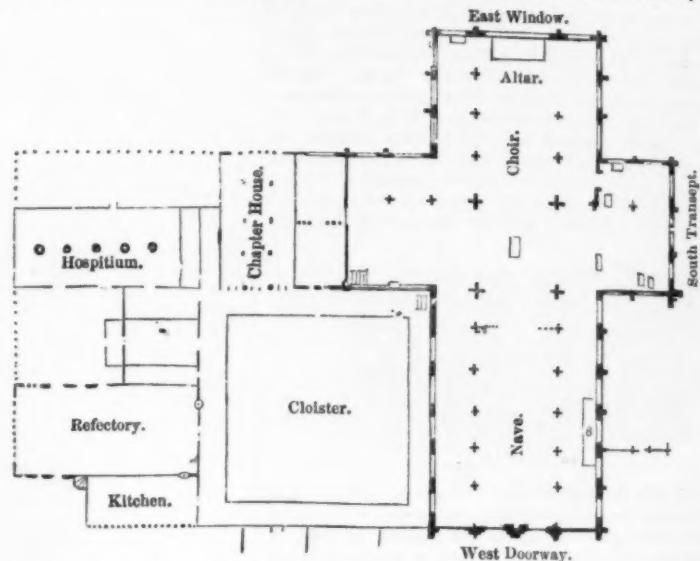
"Half-buried there lies many a broken bust,
And obelisk and urn, overthrown by time;
And many a cherub here descends in dust,
From the rent roof and portico sublime;
Where reverend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;
And ashlings, wasted from the neighbouring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads."

The venerable antiquary found elsewhere, no doubt, many scenes such as he desired, where neglect had effectually aided time: and, perhaps, where nature has been less lavish than here by the banks of the Wye, desolation may be more picturesque than order. But there will not be many to agree

with him in condemning the care that has preserved without restoring, and the neatness that refreshes the soul without disturbing the solemn and impressive thoughts here suggested:—

"How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mouldering stones among!
How many beads have here been told,
How many matins here been sung!"

And be his creed what it may, he is cold of heart and narrow of soul who feels no sentiment of gratitude towards those who raised temples such as this in which to worship the Creator, and to propagate or to nourish Christianity, in dark ages when the church, despotic as it was, stood



PLAN OF TINTERNE ABBEY.

between freedom and a despotism more brutal and more destructive. In these cloisters the arts of peace were cultivated, when a Vandal aristocracy acknowledged no law but power.

What food for thought is here—what material for reflection! Who will not

"Envy them, those monks of old,"

passing a life in calm and quiet, amid scenes so surpassingly beautiful! Here they read and wrote; here the Arts were made the handmaids of religion. We may not, under the walls that shadow their dust, amid pleasant meadows, at the foot of wooded hills, by the fair river-side, all of which they had made charming and productive—we may not ponder over, or even call to mind, the errors or the vices hidden under "the white robe with a black scapular or hood!" Let them be remembered elsewhere, but forgotten here!

We may fitly conclude our visit to "faire Tinterne" by quoting a passage from the eloquent



THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

historian Macaulay:—"A system which, however deformed by superstition, introduced strong moral restraints into communities previously governed only by vigour of muscle, and by audacity of spirit; a system which taught even the fiercest and mightiest ruler that he was, like his meanest bondsman, a responsible being, might have seemed to deserve a more respectful mention from philosophers and philanthropists. . . . Had not such retreats been scattered here and there, among the huts of a miserable peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, . . . European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. . . . The church has many times been compared to the ark of which we read in the book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during the evil time when she rode alone, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring."

THE CORRIDOR
OF STATUARY-PORCELAIN
AT ALDERMAN COPELAND'S, NEW BOND ST.

The pure and enduring marble which so deservedly was held in high esteem by the great sculptors of antiquity, has given its name to one of the most beautiful, and also of the most useful, substances employed by modern artists for rendering sculpture a popular art. The life-size marble or bronze is a work of an exclusive order. Its costliness renders it accessible only by the few, while its proportions forbid that it should find a consistent home under any roof except such as are of a national, or palatine, or a patrician character; it is, accordingly, in the reproduction of great works, on a reduced scale, that sculpture can alone discover the elements of popularity. Small groups and figures, obtainable at a moderate cost, are the statues of the people. They are to the originals what fine engravings are to pictures of the highest rank; indeed, they even surpass the utmost powers of the *burin* in their faculty of graphic and impressive translation. The statuette model reproduces the statue, through the agency of another expression of the same art; whereas the engraving is a work of an art altogether distinct from the picture, although the two arts are in close and most felicitous alliance.

Until a recent period the great difficulty has been to reproduce works of sculpture in an artistic material. Skilful manipulators have long been able to reduce the scale of statues, and to produce small models, which, in form and expression, were faithful transcripts of the originals. But, when the reduced model was perfected, there existed no means for executing the desired statuettes under conditions that would impress upon every one of them the unquestionable character of works of Art. A plaster cast might be most valuable as a model, but it never could rise to be anything less ignoble than a plaster cast. A statuette in a fine Porcelain is a different thing altogether; it is a true and a beautiful work of Art in itself. It may be that the sculptor, in the first instance, executed the design which we see before us in the Statuary-Porcelain, for the express purpose of its being produced and repeated in this material; or the porcelain work may have been modelled from some sculpture in marble or bronze. In either case, every Statuary-Porcelain—or, as this material is sometimes called, "Parian"—work, is equally a work of Art: and its value as such is greatly enhanced through the circumstance that it admits of an unlimited repetition. It is like a painter's etching, in its faculty of being always original, and in its direct transmission of the thought, and feeling, and intention of the sculptor.

There is something also that is peculiarly agreeable in works of sculpture when they are on a small scale. Instead of a large group or statue being degraded by appearing of statuette size, in the great majority of instances the reduced scale imparts a peculiar charm to the composition. This most important quality in statuettes, however, implies that they should be executed in a delicate and refined material. Statuary-Porcelain is exactly such a material. Delicate and refined in the highest degree, it is eminently sculpturesque in its aspect and tone of colour, and, at the same time, it excites no suspicions of fragility or evanescence. Statuettes executed in the Statuary-Porcelain or Porcelain, accordingly, are always regarded with favour and admiration; and all that is needed for them to take a foremost position amongst the Art-productions of the present time is, for their numbers to be considerably increased, and the repetitions of each example to be multiplied to a great amount.

It must also be very distinctly understood, as one of the peculiar excellences of Statuary-Porcelain, that it admits of being applied to the most varied purposes of Art-manufacture no less successfully than to the production of works in the highest departments of the art of sculpture. Parian statuettes may be, and they have already been, very happily introduced into the composition of numerous objects that are made in porcelain; and, in many instances, the material in itself applicable to purposes of practical utility. In dessert-services the Statuary-Porcelain and the ordinary porcelain have been found to

work together in delightful harmony. This is one example of the manner in which the highest expressions of Art may be made to bear directly upon the useful applications of manufacture. It is impossible to estimate too highly the importance of such a union of Art with manufacture, since it is thus, and thus alone, that, through the consistent influence and the confederate action of pure Art, all manufactures gradually attain to their most exalted character. The Parian, from its high qualities as a material, empowers the sculptor to extend his range of action far beyond the utmost powers of the chisel: and it also shows him by what means his loftiest ideas may diffuse a vital impulse through the distant and diversified ramifications of Art-manufacture.

By all the most eminent ceramic manufacturers of the present era, Parian is in use for the production of statuettes and other objects, that may be classified under the common title of Statuary Porcelain. And it is not in many instances that the works thus produced prove to be unworthy of the beautiful material. Whatever the degree of success that may have attended the efforts of other establishments, Alderman Copeland has devoted so much attention to his Statuary-Porcelain, and he has produced these works in such numbers, variety, and beauty, that he may justly claim to be considered to stand at the head of this department of Art-manufacture. In his spacious and handsome group of ware-rooms, in New Bond Street, a Corridor is devoted by Alderman Copeland almost exclusively to the display of this class of his productions. Here and there the visitor may encounter some gem in porcelain-enamel, or the Parian works may appear before him in that union with porcelain, of which we have spoken, or perhaps he may pause to examine a piece of pure modern porcelain, such as might stand unreburied beside the *chef d'œuvre* of Sévres.

The corridor, however, is in reality a gallery of Porcelain sculpture; and it is in that capacity that we now introduce our readers to it, in order that they may become familiar with by far the most extensive collection of works of this class, that can be seen together in any one place in London. It will be remembered, that the entire collection is the production of Alderman Copeland's ceramic establishment: and it must also be understood that many other works are either in the course of actual preparation, or their future appearance is in contemplation.

The groups, statuettes, busts, and other compositions are arranged in two long lines on either side of the corridor, some of the more important specimens being brought together to form groups. In the adjoining saloons, other specimens may also be seen, particularly those which have been designed to constitute parts of services, for the most part executed in porcelain. Of the busts which have been executed in Porcelain by Alderman Copeland, several are of the full life-size of the original marbles. Busts of her Majesty the Queen and of the Prince Consort are amongst the most successful; but the work that is still more admirable is the Parian reproduction of the well-known Greco-Roman bust in the British Museum, known as Clytie, with the hair brought down so low on the forehead, and the figure represented as if rising from a bud of the lotus. The busts of Juno and Ariadne, of full size, are of great excellence; and those of Ophelia and Miranda, by Calder Marshall, executed for the Crystal Palace Art-Union, are also very beautiful; and the reduced models of them are more beautiful still. Amongst the busts of this smaller size, is a charming one of Jenny Lind. A group of busts of Indian heroes, with Havelock at their head, will require no special notice to secure for them due regard. Other busts of Wellington and Nelson range consistently with them, and various others extend the series still further. The portrait-statuettes are not so numerous as the busts, but they are equally excellent with them: they include an admirable figure of the great Duke. The ideal statuettes and groups, as would be expected, comprehend the larger portion of these interesting works. They may be divided into three classes: of these the first class consists of fac-simile reproductions of well-known statues and groups on a greatly reduced scale; the second comprises a variety of original figure subjects, modelled expressly for the Statuary-Porcelain; and in the third class may be included miscellaneous subjects, such as

groups or figures of animals, vases, jars, jugs, and other similar objects. Every class is well represented. Many are the familiar forms that we have known before of larger proportions, as "Sabrina," "Sunshine," and "the Greek Slave." Others we have learned to know better in their statuette form, than we knew them previously; and not a few come and form their first acquaintance with us, in their capacity of statuettes in Parian. Our readers will find every variety of subject here, from "Venus at the Bath" to "Paul and Virginia," and from "the Wounded Soldier" to "the Boy with a Shell." There are most spirited dogs also, and some noble horses. The groups that have been incorporated with porcelain, for the most part consist of figures placed around a porcelain shaft, which supports a flat dish or tazza. These works are altogether successful, and both Statuary and ordinary Porcelain accomplish their proper duties, in a manner which attests the judicious discrimination, as well as the true artist feeling of the artists employed in their production. There are, also, other groups of larger figures, which are more decidedly erect in their attitudes, and upon whose heads rest light perforated vases, of the same material with the figures themselves. These *canephores* are amongst the best of their order that exist; still there adheres to their order an imperfection, arising from the object and aim of the composition, which prevents their obtaining unqualified commendation, except so far as has reference to the execution of the whole in these examples, and this is really most excellent. It is always a mistake to assign to figures the duty of columns; and it is impossible to place three figures together, having a large vase or basket supported by them upon their three heads, without prejudicially affecting the artistic character of the figures. These otherwise beautiful groups would have been exceptions to this rule, had it been possible; but it was not possible. The other figures that Alderman Copeland's artists have grouped together beneath raised dishes in his dessert-services, escape the oppression from which their sister *canephores* are suffering, since they have nothing to carry upon their heads, and, therefore, there is nothing to check the freedom of their motion, or to interfere with the animation and variety of their expression.

The art of producing sculpture in Porcelain is of comparatively recent introduction into England, and it differs essentially from the old "Bisque," over which time-honoured body it possesses great and manifest advantages. It is foreign to our purpose to enter upon any discussion concerning the priority of the invention of the Statuary-Porcelain, or Parian sculpture. We are well aware that this is a matter that is still in dispute; and, perhaps, like so many other important and valuable inventions, in dispute it may be destined to remain. The introduction of Parian at Alderman Copeland's establishment took place in 1842, at which period Mr. T. Battam was director; and it may interest our readers to be informed of an incident that took place, some twelve years ago, when the Parian was undergoing the ordeal of its experimental trial. We were at that time entering upon the duty, which we have since continued to discharge, of seeking to associate high Art with useful manufactures. With that view we made a tour into the manufacturing districts, when we visited the works of Mr. Alderman Copeland, then "Copeland and Garrett,"—at Stoke-upon-Trent. We there witnessed the first efforts to secure popularity for the new art of Porcelain sculpture. A "new art" it undoubtedly was; but it had not then assumed the character of being a promising one. Two statuettes had been produced in it—one a graceful female bust, and the other "the Shepherd-Boy," after Wyatt; but they had not "sold." The public did not show any sign of being prepared to acknowledge the real worthiness of the novelty; and it is by no means improbable that the process would have proceeded no farther, had it not been our good fortune to urge upon Mr. Garrett (in whose department the matter was placed) the wisdom of perseverance, under the conviction that what in itself was so evidently excellent, must eventually attain to success. A meeting was, in consequence, arranged by us between several sculptors, of whom Mr. Gibson was one, and Mr. T. Battam, the artist of the works. The two honorary secretaries of the Art-Union of London were also present. After a careful examination of the new material, an

opinion was pronounced decidedly in its favour, Mr. Gibson declaring it to be "the material next best to marble that he had ever seen," and his brothers in Art agreeing with him. Mr. Gibson, at the same time, expressed a hope that some work of his might be suitable for Mr. Battam to produce in the Statuary-Porcelain. A commission from the Art-Union of London followed; and thus the new art of Parian sculpture was rescued from a peril, that might have proved fatal in the first infancy of its career. The material itself is a species of porcelain body, in which soft felspar is used instead of the more siliceous Cornwall stone. The peculiar tint, that contributes so highly to the beauty of the Parian, is due to the presence of the oxide of iron in small quantities in the clay. A silicate of peroxide of iron is produced through the action of this oxide upon the silica of the clay, which is of a pale buff colour; and thus the colour of the mass is obtained. Full particulars of the processes of producing sculptures and other objects in Statuary-Porcelain have been described in detail in our pages, by Professor Hunt, of the Jermyn Street Museum.

We have invited especial attention to this subject at the present time, in consequence of the peculiar fitness of these beautiful works for those presents which so constantly pass from one friend to another at the coming Christmas season. As the best possible commentary upon our notice of Alderman Copeland's "Sculpture Corridor," we commend to our readers the "Corridor" itself. That they will find our admiration for its contents to be well-founded, we are confidently assured; and we are also disposed to believe that they will accept our proposition, to accord to these beautiful works an honourable position amongst the Art-collections of the metropolis.

FROM THE MOORS.

Painted by Park.

Engraved by T. Sherratt.

By way of varying our illustrations, we insert this month, in lieu of an engraving from some sculptured work, one from a picture, the subject of which is not without interest to most of us, and which is especially applicable to the present season of the year. Englishmen appear to have an inherent taste for the sports of the field, and if not themselves actual participants in them, there are few who do not enjoy a stroll over a stubble field, or through a cover where birds are plentiful, or to be present at a "meet" among horses and hounds, or to wander by a picturesque trout-stream when the fly is on the water. In no country in the world are sportsmen, whatever their rank or condition, so numerous as in our own. At some period of the year even those most diligently occupied in the business of life find a little leisure for indulging their tastes for the hunt, the rod, or the gun: the professional man will leave his patients or his chambers, the merchant his counting-house, the tradesman his wares, the mechanic his tools of handicraft, to follow the healthful and invigorating pursuit which most suits his inclination; and there are none who more require such a complete abstraction from their daily toils, than the classes who have been emphatically, if not euphoniously, called "bread-winners;" the moor, the field, and the river, are oftentimes their life-preservers.

The picture painted by Mr. Park, from which the engraving is taken, is suggestive of a fair day's sport with the gun: the lad mounted on a donkey is bearing homewards a quantity of game which has fallen beneath the ready hand and quick-sighted eye of some well-practised "shot." By the side of the animal gambols its foal, and in front is a young spaniel, whose bark has startled the remains of a once strong covey, which have taken wing across the moorland. The materials of the picture are simple enough, but they are natural, and agreeably brought forward. There is a kind of Art which pleases if it does not aid in instructing the mind, and though the latter is that which ought to be the more appreciated, the former should not be held in light esteem because one especial quality is absent; the wild flower is often quite as much an object of beauty and suggestive of pleasant thoughts as the rarest productions of the conservatory.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE collection in Parliament Street grows apace by purchases and presentations; but more, by the way, by means of the former than the latter, for the institution has given a vast putative money value to what hitherto has possessed only a traditional family interest. Perhaps no Art-collection presents so many curiosities in painting as a portrait gallery. Who that knows the *Ritratti dei Pittori* does not remember, with some gems of Art, the flaccid and colourless vacuities that have lived and had their being, accepted and unquestioned, for centuries in these famous rooms of the Palazzo Vecchio. There are certainly the portraits of men among them who, like the bad king that, according to his prehumous epitaph, never did a good thing, and therefore have no business in the good company in which we find them. If due care be exercised in the admission of portraits, and the exclusion of pseudo-celebrities rigidly enforced, every addition to the gallery must be a matter of interest. Such is, of the recent additions, the portrait of Wolsey, of which all that is known is, that it was formerly at Weston, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Sheldon family; the painter is unknown. We believe that there is but one portrait of Wolsey of undoubted originality, and that is the well-known picture by Holbein at Christchurch, Oxford. It is a profile, showing the left side of the face. The left arm hangs down, the hand grasping a scroll, while the right hand is raised as in the act of pronouncing a benediction. All the portraits that we have seen of Wolsey are profiles of the left cheek; if, therefore, they are not copies of the Christchurch picture, there must have been some blemish on the right side of the cardinal's face, which he and the painters were desirous of concealing.

Then there is a portrait of Nelson, by Heinrich Füger, painted at Vienna in 1800, and chronicled accordingly in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, 1st September of that year. Nelson was at this time in his forty-third year. It is a profile, because, a few years before, the hero lost an eye at Calvi. The picture gives us an idea of a man personally larger than Nelson. The painter, in sacrificing to colour, has given his sitter the semblance of ruddy health, whereas Nelson was in person delicate, with a care-worn and anxious expression. It is, however, interesting as an original work, but of such a man there ought to be at least one more portrait.

The trustees have acquired the likeness of John Dryden,—that engraved by Edelinck,—the only one, we believe, by which he is known. The portrait of Burns, painted by Alexander Nasmyth, and retouched by Raeburn, has been presented by Mr. Dillon. The features are those recognised as of Burns, but the head and shoulders convey, like most of the engravings, an impression of a man smaller and more delicate than the poet was. One of the most recent and most remarkable pictures is a constellation of bishops—the seven famous prelates of 1688. They are small heads, on one canvas, about kitcat-size. Archbishop Sancroft is the centrepiece, and the others—William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph—Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely—Thomas Ken, of Bath and Wells—Jonathan Trelawney, of Bristol—Thomas White, of Peterborough—and John Lake, of Chichester—encircle him. The painter is unknown; but the execution is not that of a master.

The portrait of Elizabeth Carter, who translated "Epictetus," and contributed to "The Rambler," is a curious example of a style of crayon drawing, which was carried to high perfection during the latter half of the last century. It was executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence about 1788, when he was working in crayons, in imitation of the admirable productions of the famous Jack Smith, of New Street, Covent Garden, whose venison and turbot suppers were as largely extolled by his friends, as were his portraits by his patrons. That, and the unfinished, gossiping portrait of Wilberforce, mark two distinct eras in the career of a famous painter.

The portrait of John Knox, presented by the Duke of Buccleuch, is a work of a class of which we fear that there will be but few examples forthcoming. The artist is unknown; but it may be presumed that the Duke of Buccleuch has a history of the

picture. Yet another old portrait is that inscribed "Jacobus, Dei Gratia Rex Scotorum. Aetatis Suae 8, 1574." He is presented at full length, with his right hand on his hip, and holding on his left wrist a hawk with bells. The head is painted with a rare finish, supposed by Federigo Zuccherino. The body of the young king is tapered by that kind of buckram bodice, which was fashionable in the days of Elizabeth, contrasting most grotesquely with the capacious nether continuations which he still wore as James I. of England.

Another portrait, more interesting than really valuable, is that of Mary, Countess of Pembroke. The face is bright, sunny, and benevolent, fully justifying the famous epitaph that Ben Jonson wrote at her death:—

"Underneath this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister—Pembroke's mother
Death, ere thou hast stain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

The work is in perfect condition, showing the lady in a rich Elizabethan costume, worked out with the most patient elaboration; but the most striking feature of the picture is an inscription in the upper right-hand corner,— "Martis 12. Anno Domini 1614—No spring till now,"—which has been a subject of extensive speculation; although, perhaps, like many other things that have perplexed the wise, of slight significance. The winter of 1613-14 was a season of extreme cold; and, about the period of the finishing of the picture, the prolonged frost broke up, and it is probable that the painter commemorated the event by the inscription. This picture is from the ancient mansion of Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, the seat of the Scudamore family.

Reynolds's John Hunter, in the College of Surgeons, is in rags, like Mrs. Siddons, at Dulwich; but it is gratifying to see John Jackson's copy sound and bright in this gallery. The background appears somewhat darker than that of the original picture, and it is not so peach-like as Reynolds's sunny glaze left the original work; but it is something to possess a copy by Jackson, indeed, the best substitute that we could have.

The small portrait of David Wilkie we greet with a fervent welcome; it is honestly painted, and will be fresh five centuries hence. Who that sees this face does not recognize it in "Blind Man's Buff," "the Penny Wedding," "the Rent-Day," and, in short, some modification of it in everything that Wilkie painted?

These are among the latest additions to the collection.

OBITUARY.

ROBERT STEPHENSON, M.P., F.R.S., &c. &c.

VERY brief has been the interval that has intervened between the deaths of our two greatest and most distinguished engineers; and very remarkable is the similarity in the manner in which the deaths of them both have taken place, almost at the precise time in which the grandest achievement of each was about to be brought to its completion. Brunel sunk, exhausted by the wear of his own keen and vigorous intellect, as the Great Eastern was in the act of demonstrating that, so far as she was his work, her success was absolute and triumphant; and now Stephenson has followed, the energy of his mind also having worn away his physical powers, but a few short weeks before his wonderful Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, will carry a locomotive—the production of his father's and his own genius and perseverance—over the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, from Canada to the United States.

After a short, but severe illness, which, from the first, was of a character to excite the most painful apprehensions, Mr. Stephenson expired, at his residence in Gloucester Square, on October 13th. The only son of his renowned father, George Stephenson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he died childless, but the name of Stephenson has a place amongst those worthies of England, which live, and will live, in perpetual remembrance, without the ever-present memorial of sons and daughters.



SHERRATT.

PARK.

FROM THE MOORS.

3 NO 59

POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHS
AND
REPRODUCTIONS OF WORKS OF ART.

An establishment has been opened at the entrance to the South Kensington Museum, by order of the Committee of Council on Education, for the sale to the public of copies of whatever photographs have been, or hereafter may be, officially executed for the Department, from works of Art in British and foreign museums, and in other collections which cannot be photographed by private agency, and also of certain other objects of public interest. Photographic *negatives*, made by order of the trustees of the British Museum, and for the War and other Government Offices, will also be sold, together with *positive* impressions of the same photographs. In addition to these photographs, the Department has commenced the sale of reproductions of works of Art, consisting of objects in metal, electrotyped by Messrs. Elkington and Messrs. Franchi, plaster and stoneware, ivory casts from various works in sculpture, ivory-carvings, &c., with architectural and other decorative details and accessories. The whole of the casts of the sculptures, produced for the Trustees of the British Museum, may be obtained in like manner; and photographs are either in actual preparation, or arrangements are being made for their being produced from various royal and other collections of original drawings by Raffaelle, Michael Angelo, and other great masters. The prices at which all these photographs and reproductions are sold, are so low that they are rendered accessible by all classes in the community; and thus, not only has this admirable plan opened a ready access to the study of works that hitherto have been inaccessible, but it has made that access sufficiently easy to bring these works to bear with the most complete efficiency upon popular education.

It will be understood that the "positive" impressions of photographs are not mounted by the Department. The tariff of prices for them has been fixed as follows:—A single impression (unmounted), the dimensions of which contain less than 40 square inches, e.g. 5 x 7 inches, or 4 x 8 inches, 5d.; 40 square inches, and under 60, 7½d.; 60, and under 80, 10d.; 80, and under 100, 1s. ½d., and so on, at proportionate rates of increase. The prices of the reproductions in metals, and of the casts, are equally moderate. It must be added, that any persons desiring to obtain photographs of any of the objects of Art in the South Kensington Museum, can order "negatives" of such objects at the rate of 3d. per square inch. All applications are to be made to Mr. George Wallis, at the Museum, under whose direction the whole of the arrangements for the sale of the photographs, &c., have been placed. Mr. Thurston Thompson is the photographer to the Department; and Mr. Roger Fenton has produced the photographs for the trustees of the British Museum.

It is impossible to attach too high a degree of importance to the step which the Government and public authorities have thus taken, with the view to advance popular education through the agency of Art. This is precisely the measure that we have been desiring, and hoping for years that we might eventually witness. Before the sun had taken his place at the head of artistic reproducers, such a plan could have been only imperfectly realized: but now, when photographic reproductions can be readily multiplied to any extent, all of them being exact in their fidelity to the original works, there remained but the formation of a plan for obtaining the most worthy photographs, and for their public sale at low prices. After a while, without doubt, it will be our pleasing duty to notice the beneficial effects that will continually arise from the sustained action of the system, the commencement of which we now record with the strongest expression of our cordial approbation. It is sufficient for us now simply to state the facts of the case, and to refer our readers—artists, students of Art of every class, manufacturers, and the public at large—to the department of Mr. George Wallis at South Kensington.

A clear and highly satisfactory catalogue of the photographs, &c., now to be obtained, is sold at South Kensington for 2d. At the head of the contents are photographs of the Hampton Court "Cartoons" of Raffaelle, of different sizes. Sets of

seven photographs vary in price from £4 19s. 7d. to 3s. 11½d.; and they are all of equal excellence. Any single photograph of any of the sets is obtainable, as are large studies of portions of the cartoons. Next in the catalogue follows a series of thirty three photographs from drawings by Raffaelle in the Museum of the Louvre, to be succeeded in their turn by another series from drawings by Holbein in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. A third series has been formed from the collection of life-size portraits of the Tudor family, executed from various authorities for the Prince's Chamber in the new Palace at Westminster, by Mr. Burchett, head-master of the Central School of the Department. The groups that follow comprise photographs of Limoges, enamels, ivory carvings, objects in crystal and other precious materials, and miscellaneous objects, from originals in various collections of the highest importance both in England and on the Continent, with many photographs from nature, and others from the British Museum sculptures, &c. &c. The electro-type reproductions and the casts in plaster are numerous, very judiciously selected, and they comprehend a great variety both of classes of objects and of individual examples.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE TURNER AND VERNON COLLECTIONS.—These important components of our "National Gallery" of pictures and drawings have been removed from Marlborough House, and deposited in the apartments which are to afford them a temporary resting-place at the South Kensington Museum, until their wanderings are finally brought to a close by some decided act of the legislature. The new buildings at South Kensington, before the arrival of the pictures, appeared somewhat dull and sombre: but it is probable they will prove to be well adapted to their duties when they shall have been prepared for the admission of the public. This very desirable event will probably take place about the commencement of November.

THE BIG BELL AT WESTMINSTER.—We have reason to be thankful that we are to hear this melancholy sound no more; the bell has been guilty of a second suicide, has cracked its sides,—certainly not with laughter,—and London is no longer to endure the mournful tones that seemed, at all hours, heralds of impending doom. This *strike* is, at all events, ended. But there seems to have been a frightful deal of bungling somewhere. We fervently hope it is a case beyond mending: far better to break up the bell piecemeal, and to convert the old metal into a statue of Caxton, who gave us a gift of inestimable value on a spot over which the clock-tower throws its shadow. In England there is as yet no monument to this benefactor of generation after generation. The reproach, however, is not always to endure.

MR. JOSEPH DURHAM, the sculptor, whose name is already honoured by the profession and the public, has been commissioned to execute a statue of "the first English printer," Caxton, to be placed in the great room of the Westminster Palace Hotel. The hotel is built on the site of Caxton's printing office, and it occurred to the directors of the company that the interesting fact should obtain a permanent record. While the foundations of the hotel were digging, there were hopes of finding some relic of the old building: the ancient walls were clearly traced, and a mutilated statue of the Virgin and Child—probably one of the ornaments of "the chapel"—was found; but the search, although carefully and minutely instituted, was vain to procure a morsel of the type which the first printer had used. Mr. Durham's statue, life-size, will be in plaster. The directors, not feeling justified thus to expend the money of the shareholders, have subscribed privately to meet the necessary expense. It will be a work of very high merit. Caxton is represented seated on a fine oak chair of the period, examining a proof-sheet, one foot resting on an iron chest.

THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL.—The prolonged abiding of Marochetti's "Victory," in the garden of Apsley House, seems to be intended as a persistent chastisement of the public taste. And are we to

believe that this, after all, with the rest of the design, is to be that of the intended monument? The facts of the case, as we understand them, are, in brief, these:—Artists are invited to send in designs, in competition for a monument to the late Duke of Wellington. The day for the reception of the models arrives, as also that for the meeting of the committee of selection; and the result is, that those men, whose works were pronounced to be the most worthy, are set aside, and another, of the so-called secondary class, to whom a hundred pounds was awarded, is commissioned to proceed with his design; and, accordingly, Mr. Stevens, the thus far successful candidate, is realizing his model. But will Mr. Stevens's work be ultimately accepted? will it not in turn be set aside, and Marochetti's adopted? We are perfectly justified in asking the question, seeing the unhesitating reversal of their own decisions by the committee. The utmost that can be hoped for from committees is, that they should be "indifferent honest;" but, of late, the propositions of public Art committees have been a delusion and a snare. If, in this case, there were one or two artists, whose works were pronounced the most excellent, wherefore have the authorities commissioned an artist who took but a second place in the competition? The committee themselves thus establish this fact—that, inasmuch as they employ Mr. Stevens, whose work they adjudged to be inferior to that of Mr. Woodington or Mr. Marshall, they declare either of these artists to be better qualified for the work than Mr. Stevens, and, therefore, perfectly capable of executing the commission creditably. That which we contend for is an honest consistency. Had the commission been confided to any particular artist, in the same manner that Wyatt was elected to "do" the great Duke at Hyde Park Corner, no voice could be justly raised against the resolution. But the selection of the artist is another thing, and open to the criticism of all who choose to write or speak of it. If the committee, in open and fair assembly, vote for and elect any particular sculptor, the public cannot arraign them for their election, but they are in nowise justified in breaking faith with men whom fair professions thus induce to cast their bread upon the waters.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The next fresco to be placed in the corridors is a work by Mr. Cope, R.A., the subject of which is "The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell." The artist is still engaged on the picture in one of the committee rooms of the House of Lords; and, as it is nearly completed, it will shortly be found in its place. It is to be hoped that the method of executing these frescoes on slate, and fixing them in their respective panels with a space behind for the circulation of air, will secure them against the fate that has befallen the works in the Poet's Hall. It is some months since we examined these frescoes, but on a more recent inspection, it is evident that injury is advancing with increased rapidity. In Herbert's work the faces of Goneril and Regan are peeling off, and in others large portions of the surfaces are extensively blistered. The natural cause of this, as we have already stated, is the dampness of the walls. There never has been perhaps a fire in the Poet's Hall, and at times the walls are streaming with moisture. So insufficient is the light in the corridors, that every composition painted on the principle of breadth of low or middle tone, will be lost. Compositions designed with their principal quantities in strong opposition, like Ward's "Argyle," are alone suited for such a light. The substitution of stained for white glass in the windows of St. Stephen's Hall, has materially reduced the lights; but nevertheless pictures there, especially on the north wall, will be much more distinct than in any of the other corridors or passages of the Houses.

SKETCHING MEETINGS.—The sketching evenings of the Langham Chambers School were resumed for the season on Friday the 14th of October. These pleasant hebdomadal *tournois à l'aimable* are continued until the end of April, when long days, green leaves, and especially the crisis of the Art year, with its excitement, bring about the usual prorogation. There have not been for many years so few candidates for this society as at present. It has been common hitherto for names to be on the lists for two years before the admission of candidates.

DULWICH GALLERY.—A correspondent, writing in reference to the paragraph we inserted last month respecting admission to this gallery, says—"Allow

me to remind you that on Thursdays and Fridays the charge to visitors is sixpence for each person." We thought no fee was expected at any time.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, so crowded with a heterogeneous group of monuments, may possibly soon be relieved by the removal of a modern mass of masonry, which forms the background to those in the north transept, and unnecessarily blocks up two arches of the building. The monuments themselves can be as well displayed against the wall, and air and light be secured where they are wanted. It is not generally known that a project was formed some few years ago to convert the garden of Westminster School into an English *Campo Santo*, where the modern monuments might be arranged against the walls beneath an arcade, which should communicate with the Houses of Parliament. The plan was scarcely mooted, and has died a natural death; but it might deserve resuscitation. The Abbey is now inconveniently overcrowded with modern monuments, which hide each other, or by juxtaposition give it the air of a tomb-cutter's show-room. We would not move one stone, the interest of which is associated with its present locality, but there could be no objection to the removal of many masses of sculpture, which would be improved by giving greater space to their exhibition, while the gain to the effect of the Abbey would be enormous.

BISHOP MONK has been commemorated in Westminster Abbey by an incised brass laid in the pavement of the northern aisle: it is an excellent artistic work, and shows how completely this antique mortuary memorial may be adapted to the uses of the present age. The costume and accessories are strictly truthful, yet they are not incongruous with the building. The Dean and Chapter, anxious to encourage this good old style of memorial, admit such brasses into the Abbey without payment of the usual fees.

THE CHIMNEYS OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER OFFICES.—An evident improvement has lately been effected by the substitution of Mr. J. Billing's "Patent Terra-Cotta Chimney Terminals," for the singularly ugly metal smoke-pipes, with their accompanying wind-guards, which for many years have disfigured the upper part of this building. We notice that the "chimney terminals" are not only more pleasant to look at than "chimney-pots," *et id genus omne*, but that they really possess the important practically useful quality of providing a successful remedy for smoky chimneys. The "terminals" made their appearance more than two years ago at Somerset House; and the fact of their introduction to the opposite office of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Lancaster Place, speaks well for their efficient and satisfactory action.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BUILDING NEWS.—In addition to the sterling character of the contents of its columns, our spirited contemporary, the *Building News*, regularly places in the hands of its subscribers a series of engravings on wood of such high excellence, that they excite surprise as well as admiration. So remarkable, indeed, are these illustrations as examples of what may be accomplished by steam-printing, that they claim from us a very decided expression of our warm commendation. They also are equally meritorious if regarded as specimens of wood-engraving. They demonstrate the ability of English engravers on wood, and they show how successfully they are able at once to illustrate a speciality in literature, and to produce really admirable works of Art. As a matter of course, the subjects of the illustrations of the *Building News* are, for the most part, architectural, and they comprise a great variety of objects, some of which are necessarily of a more artistic character than others. But whatever the subject, the engraving is invariably good. Occasionally a combination of favourable circumstances enables the artists to produce some particular engraving that takes precedence of its associates; thus, for example, the recent large two-page engraving, in Jewitt's best manner, of the interior of All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, is one of the most beautiful engravings on wood, and, at the same time, one of the very best architectural representations that we ever remember to have seen. It is an engraving fit to be framed, and we should be glad to know that it was published on fine paper expressly for that purpose. Such engravings cannot fail to improve the public taste, and we trust they will

find their way in every direction throughout the length and breadth of the land.

THE ARTISTS' COMPANY OF VOLUNTEER RIFLES.—It is proposed, that "Number Two" Company of the Marylebone Rifle Corps shall consist of painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and others immediately connected with Art. The circular states that "the committee will endeavour to render membership as inexpensive as possible, under the conviction that volunteer corps should be permanent institutions, not only for internal defence in case of need, but as tending to promote the physical well-being of those who join them." Inasmuch as companies in the metropolis will be formed from the ranks of various professions, it was to be expected that the profession of Art would supply its quota to the general muster-roll, though it was scarcely to be hoped that to the painters would be conceded the honour of standing next to the leading company. In 1830, in Paris, the Art-students were among the foremost in the *mélée*, and among them were a few Englishmen, who did good service in the popular cause. There is no class of men more interested in the maintenance of peace than painters and sculptors, and it is certain that none would more chivalrously acquit themselves in face of an enemy, should they ever be called into action. On grounds social as well as patriotic, we sincerely wish the movement an entire success. May the drill-ground constitute a field of meeting that will soothe all the jealousies that have hitherto divided the profession into so many antagonistic sections. In the case of the artists there is not only a national purpose to be answered, but a social revolution should also be kept in view. Their first rallying square should be commemorated as the first instance of their ever concurring in a common purpose, and this part of their drill should be carried, in practice, into their every-day life. In every other country, painters, sculptors, and all who live by Art, are a compact phalanx—they *enregiment* themselves, and their rallying square is unassailable. We cannot conceive any more acceptable commanding-officer for the Art-contingent than Sir Charles Eastlake. As for the company's officers, they must all be men well up in the double; and, to be really effective, all must be ready at once to resign the studio-canvas for the raw material in the field.

THE HANDEL COLLEGE.—In the extent and comprehensiveness of their fraternity and benevolence, musicians are in advance of painters. Some months since a prospectus was issued proposing the establishment of an institution, to be entitled as above; having for its object the maintenance and education of the orphans of musicians of all classes, native and naturalized. The movement has been warmly seconded, and substantially met by a gift of a site, of which one of the conditions is, that "the building shall be worthy of the charity." Mr. Owen Jones gives his services gratuitously as architect. The realization of the college is, therefore, all but assured—an urgent appeal being about to be made to the public. The families of painters are even more liable to cruel vicissitude than those of musicians. We instance the proposed "Handel College," hopeful that the body of painters may at no distant time do likewise. We should rejoice to find persons willing to act with us in forming such an institution for the orphan children of artists; and if we do find such, will gladly give our best services to the cause. We shall probably ere long have more to say on this matter.

PUBLIC MEMORIALS, AND THEIR SCAFFOLDING.—We are not very famous, as a nation, for the successful management of our public memorials. The works themselves are rarely such as to disarm, or even to conciliate, severe criticism. And, besides the questionable character of these productions—which, if any are, ought certainly to be excellent in themselves, we are very generally unfortunate in getting them into their places. We had hoped, indeed, that a better era had dawned upon the works of commemorative art, in which the nation, or certain associations of individuals, desire to do honour to living worth, or to glorious memories: and, accordingly, we have for some time been expecting the appearance of two really noble memorials in association with our gallant countrymen who fell in the Crimea; the one in front of the west end of Westminster Abbey, and the other in Waterloo Place. Spaces in both localities have long been enclosed, and scaffoldings of the most approved unsightliness

have already begun to grow old upon them—and so these memorials still continue. Now, we do not wish to urge the artists to any hurry or precipitation with the completion of their respective works; but we certainly should be glad to learn, both from Mr. G. Scott and Mr. John Bell, for what reasons two of the most important sites in western London should have been occupied by these unsightly poles and planks for months before there was the slightest appearance. We do hope to see, either the memorials speedily erected, or the scaffoldings speedily removed. In the one case, such prolonged delays reflect by no means favourably upon the artists; and in the other, the parochial authorities have no right to tolerate what positively amounts to public nuisances in the midst of great public thoroughfares.

THE TROPICAL ENCLOSURE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—We observe with much satisfaction that, instead of the hideous screen of bed-ticking which hitherto has shut in the tropical enclosure of the Crystal Palace during the winter season, the partition is now being partly formed of permanent panels of glass. Would it not be possible to erect a frame-work of decorative iron-work, which might contain specimens of stained glass, and thus form a truly splendid division between the main body of the building and the tropical enclosure?

PORTRAITS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—There are in the possession of Dr. Copland, of No. 5, Old Burlington Street, two portraits of Queen Mary, painted by Paris Bordone, in Paris; one in 1557, about the time of her marriage to the Dauphin, the other in 1560, shortly after his decease. Both portraits are small, life-sized heads; the former a three-quarter face, with the hair turned back and bound by a fillet. Over the hair is worn a lace head-dress, with a gold ornament on the forehead, and a string of pearls; and the lower part of the neck shows part of a red robe. The later portrait is a profile, with the hair worn as in the other. Both are in excellent condition, and extremely pure in colour, treated according to the taste of the time, with an entire absence of shades. One of the portraits was painted for Mary, daughter of the fifth Lord Livingston, one of the four Marys who attended Mary Stuart to France; the other for John Sempill, second son of Robert, the third Lord Sempill, one of her chamberlains. Soon after their return to Scotland, in 1561, John Sempill and Mary Livingston were married in Holyrood Palace, and to their union John Knox has alluded as that of "Mary Livingston, the lusty, to John Sempill, the dancer." Their descendant, Francis Sempill, was an adherent of James II., on the occasion of whose abdication he withdrew to the Continent. Captain William Sempill, the grandson of Francis, married Margaret Syeds, a member of a Spanish family long resident on the continent, and to him both portraits descended as the last male representative of this branch of the Sempill family. By William Sempill they were bequeathed to his niece, Janet Syeds, by whom they were again bequeathed to her niece, Martha Grace Syeds, the late wife of the present possessor. Thus the pedigree of possession of these pictures is clear and satisfactory. The features do not present that regularity of beauty which is historically ascribed to Mary. Paris Bordone was painter to Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II.

OUR READERS will probably recollect that, a few months since, we noticed a series of remarkable drawings of the most inaccessible parts of India, made by the three enterprising German travellers, the brothers Schlagentweit, one of whom fell a victim to the savage disposition of a tribe of natives. We learn that the King of Bavaria has conferred titles of nobility on the survivors, as a mark of his appreciation of the services rendered by them to the science of ethnology.

A STATUE of the distinguished American statesman, Daniel Webster, has been erected and inaugurated in the city of Boston, U.S., with much ceremony.

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS GRAVES.—We deeply regret to record the death of this estimable and accomplished gentleman. The sad intelligence was communicated to us too late to enable us to do more than record the event.

REVIEWS.

LALLA ROOKH. An Oriental Romance. By THOMAS MOORE. With Illustrations. Published by ROUTLEDGE, London.

In anticipation of the return of another new year season, the enterprising publishers of Farringdon Street have issued an illustrated edition of Moore's exquisitely graceful "Oriental Romance," which they may justly expect to become a favourite gift-book. "Lalla Rookh" itself can now need no laudatory recommendation; but the established reputation of the work does certainly demand that whatever illustrations may appear in a new edition of it, should be worthy of the text with which they are associated. And altogether worthy of the places they occupy are the beautiful woodcuts in the new "Lalla Rookh." We accept them, at once, as genuine representations of the personages and the scenes which they undertake to pass in review before us. They are as oriental as the book is, from its opening passage to its last word. They are thoroughly poetic; and they most happily fulfil their proper mission, by really illustrating, in a graphic and artistic manner, the successive incidents of the romance. The entire "getting up" of the volume is of the highest order; paper, typography, woodcuts, and the general execution of the whole, combining to produce a most gratifying ensemble.

It is worthy of particular notice that these illustrations are distinguished by an unusual uniformity in their excellence; while they vary very considerably in their style and character, and comprehend a diversity of subjects, they are (with scarcely an exception) alike in truthfulness and beauty. In woodcut illustrations, views of scenery, buildings, and archaeological subjects, are generally well rendered, but the groups of figures are no less frequently inferior. This is not by any means the case with the "Lalla Rookh" figure-subjects, which range with their companions on terms of the most honourable equality. The artists have studied the author, and they have expressed his sentiments, and given impersonations of his creations; the result is that their designs are completely successful. The artists are F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., W. Harvey, G. H. Thomas, T. Macquoid, H. K. Browne, R. P. Leitch, K. Meadows, Birket Forster, E. H. Corbould, S. Palmer, H. Weir, and G. Dodgson. The engravings are all by Edmund Evans, all excellent, and they are forty-one in number.

PEN AND PENCIL. By Mrs. BALMANNO. Published by APPLETON, New York.

This is a welcome gift from the other side of the Atlantic; another proof that in all the elements of book-making—paper, binding, and typography—we may only dispute the palm with our younger brethren. The volume is beautifully printed, very gracefully "got up," with evidence of much taste and skill in arrangement. As an "edited book," it is singularly well put together; this is, however, by no means its only, or its leading, recommendation: it is the production of a superior mind. Although composed upon no system,—for poems and prose sketches, on a vast variety of subjects, are intermixed, the results of much and large experience of life and character,—there is a uniformity of sentiment and feeling throughout, and a systematic advocacy of what is good, which give safe assurance that the author has thought, and read, and studied, and has now written, to a high and holy purpose—that of giving pleasure while enlarging the mind and purifying the heart.

The book is full of illustrative engravings; they may not vie with those that embellish our own Christmas gift-books; but they are of a good order, some of them possessing considerable excellence, while the initial letters and other ornamental characters exhibit taste and judgment, and do much credit to the American engravers, who have performed this part of an agreeable task. The illustrations are not only numerous, but very varied, some from ancient pictures, others of venerable buildings, such as Haddon and Holyrood; while others (and these are, to us, the most interesting) are from portraits of persons whose fame is as large in the New World as it has ever been in the old—such as Lawrence, Stothard, Lamb, and Hood.

The poems are many of them very charming; those that are constructed on some touching incident, those that breathe of the holiest and purest affections, those that commemorate some great historic event, or those that, imitating the old ballad style, sound the heroic elation of old England. The articles, however, that possess chiefest interest for us are the "personal recollections" of the accomplished authoress, who evidently cherishes a few memories of her old home in her heart of hearts.

These are sketches of the great artists, Lawrence, Fuseli, Stothard, and others; and the authors, Tom Hood and Charles Lamb, with a singularly graphic memoir of Crofton Croker. The pleasant anecdotes told herein are original and touching; they bring the persons vividly before us—for we knew them all; the look, and manner, and habits, nay, the very speech, of these men of mark are thus made familiar to us. It is a rare and enviable faculty that which, after twenty years—nay, more, much more—recalls to memory, with marvellous fidelity and exactness, those who are now parts of the history of Art and Letters in England.

We thank Mrs. Balmanno for a most agreeable and useful book—a book that may take its place beside the best of our time, as regards either its contents or its graceful appearance. Our only regret is that the author did not extend these personal recollections; the lady and her husband, we know, mingled much among artists and men of letters—we care not to say how long ago! Most of their old friends and associates have "put on immortality," and any memory of them is a boon to the world in which they lived—and still live; for we may adopt, as well as quote, a passage from the high soul that, although born and a dweller in New York, is the poet of England, as well as of America:—

"They are not dead, they're but departed,
For the artist never dies!"

BOTANY AND RELIGION; or, Illustrations of the Works of God in the Structure, Functions, Arrangement, and General Distribution of Plants. Third Edition. By J. H. BALFOUR, A.M., M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

A book of which a third edition is demanded may be considered, so far as the author is concerned, as almost beyond the pale of criticism, for it is evident to the writer that the public has already decided upon its merits. We have a word or two, nevertheless, to say about Dr. Balfour's "Botany": first, because we do not remember to have seen it at any former time; and, secondly, because the present edition has been much enlarged, and the number of illustrations increased.

The leading idea of this work is excellent: any attempt to combine scientific knowledge with religious truths deserves commendation, and where is there a subject that opens up a wider field for such unity of instruction than the world of botany? Astronomy may lead to higher thoughts of the Creator's power and majesty, but botany, to those who study it, reveals the wonders of his hand, the variety of his resources,—if such a term may be permitted,—his love to, and his care of, the great human family, in the manner in which he administers to its wants and its gratification. We are among those who believe that secular knowledge without scriptural may elevate a man among his fellows, but will never make him truly happy; and this has been the expressed opinion of the wisest and greatest whose names are associated with the philosophy of science.

Dr. Balfour's book is written with a view to point out the value of science as a handmaid to religion, and the two are so ingeniously and pleasantly woven together, that he must possess a dull intellect who cannot derive both gratification and instruction from the perusal of these pages. The difference between this edition and those previously published consists in the introduction of a number of new facts in regard to the structure and physiology of plants, the geographical distribution of plants is more fully set forth, and a chapter on the principles of natural classification has been added. This is certainly the book we would desire to place in the hands of all our young friends—ay, and of those of maturer years—whose tastes lead them to inquire into the wonders and beauties of the vegetable kingdom.

But we have somewhat of a grievance to complain of. Dr. Balfour pays us the compliment of requesting his readers to "look at the beautiful forms which are so exquisitely delineated from time to time in the *Art-Union*," and elsewhere he alludes to our Journal, we presume, under the same title: this, in a new edition of his book ought not to have been. It is now more than ten years since we changed our name, and surely during this time, a period to which the doctor's references more especially apply, he must have seen the *Art-Journal*. There is something in a name which one cannot always afford to lose, especially in that of a periodical publication.

GLAUCUS; OR, THE WONDERS OF THE SHORE. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, F.S.A., F.L.S. Published by MACMILLAN & CO., Cambridge.

How popular—and justly so—this little work has been, is shown by its having reached a fourth edi-

tion. We congratulate the public, and also the author: the one, on the increased appreciation of the wonders that everywhere surround us; and the other, on the recompence he finds for his labours, in the demand for that wholesome and pleasant intellectual food he has furnished so gracefully and with so much discretion. Mr. Kingsley was among the first of many to turn the thoughts of pleasure-seekers, during annual periods of recreation, into healthy and pure channels; and although mere dabblers in natural history bear much the same resemblance to its true votaries, as does the shadow to the substance, yet even their slight introduction into the vast mines of wealth and beauty that lie beneath the silvery waters or on tangled hedgerows of our sea-side hamlets, must give a tone to their minds, such as of a surety leads to happiness. Our fathers had little time for such enjoyments; war, and its consequent hardening education, was their duty, and, therefore, pleasure. They had to fight for and retain the land that now flowers all around us, and to spill their life's blood on the ocean that shelters our "choicest specimens." All may be naturalists and improve, nor lessen their accustomed recreations: the sportsman who rambles over hills, or beside banks of running streams; the angler, as he strolls lazily, waiting for a wind and a lively curl; the young man, who spends his month's holiday in smoking cigars with questionable companions, and sailing aimless cruises in Lord So-and-so's yacht; the literary man, in his life of toil and life of Art, loving the book of Nature—the only one he knows but by hearsay, and that so long ago, that he almost forgets its contents—to all such this work, so elegantly written, so poetical, and yet so practical, must be a deep delight. No hard, unpronounceable names are here to puzzle the brain, already wearied with inexplicable workings of a busy life, no cautions against impossible accidents, no glowing descriptions of the unattainable; but straightforward, clear, and "come-atable" instruction, clothed in such delicate semblance, that one might read it for a recountal of the pleasant wanderings of a poetical dreamer, who discovers unknown lands and seas, peoples and beauties, that stay not for the sunny light of day to shine on, but vanish with the night. In all the sciences—this with the rest—we disciples must take a great deal on trust; we have neither time nor, perhaps, capacity to search for ourselves. In science, as with matters of even greater and higher importance, "we walk by faith and not by sight;" but, if we keep our eyes open, we shall see enough to make us wonder and be grateful—to lead us from nature up to nature's God.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made, and loveth all."

THROUGH NORWAY WITH A KNAPSACK. By W. MATTIEN WILLIAMS. With Tinted Views, a Map, and Woodcuts. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & CO., London.

This is just one of those pleasant, readable books that carry their own welcome with them wherever they may find their way. From the first you are convinced that the author has given his volume exactly the right title; for he takes you with him "through Norway," from end to end, and the "knapsack" of the pedestrian tourist is unquestionably both his and your companion until you find yourself once more homeward bound, a passenger "by the railway that passes through the corn-fields and butter-yielding flats of Holstein to busy Hamburg, and then by sea to the giddy roar, and whirl, and rattle of still busier London." Several of Humbart's clever chromo-lithographs of Norwegian scenery and Norwegian skies add, after their own fashion, to the sparkling vivacity of the narrative; there is also a good, clear map, and a few graphic woodcuts occasionally appear with the text. A copious abstract of the "contents" of the volume is given, but Mr. Williams has not considered an index to be necessary; he has, however, added an "appendix" of the utmost practical utility to all who, like himself, may contemplate a journey "through Norway with a knapsack," inasmuch as it contains every item of his "expenses of travelling, board, lodging, &c., from the time of leaving Hull to the return to London—two months and eleven days;" the total amount being £25 9s. 4d.!

Mr. Williams gives a highly interesting account of the natural features of Norway, and, at the same time, he makes his readers familiar with both the character and the habits and customs of the Norwegians. Occasionally he indulges in speculations touching upon matters of Art and Literature, and here he shows that his sentiments lie in the right direction, though they are in the habit of advancing in that direction with a hazardous velocity. Thus,

not content with advocating the study of modern languages, Mr. Williams denounces their noble parent, the Latin, as "stilted and pompous," and proposes that it be consigned altogether to oblivion. But such passages as this are few in number, and they are so honestly set forth, when they do occur, that there is no danger of their doing any mischief. The book, on the whole, is a thoroughly good one, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

THE DRAWING-ROOM PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT PERSONAGES, with Memoirs. 1859. Published by the London Joint-Stock Newspaper Company (Limited).

This volume, the second in what we anticipate will prove a prolonged series, contains forty portraits, all of them reprinted from the plates which have appeared in connection with the "Illustrated News of the World" weekly newspaper. They form a really handsome volume, and in the most convincing manner they bear testimony to the enterprise and spirit of the proprietors of that Journal. The original portraits are all of them photographs, which have been taken by the most eminent photographers, and the engraved plates are faithful and spirited reproductions of the sun-painted pictures. The value of the engravings is very considerably enhanced by the biographical memoirs with which they are accompanied. These memoirs are clear, expressive, and agreeably written. Thus the public have access, at an almost inconceivably small cost, to a genuine Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages, which they may call their own; and, at the same time, that they may, by this means, become familiar with the personal aspect of men and women, whose names may be to them as "household words," all classes in the community may also acquire a correct knowledge of their lives, and of the circumstances that have conducted to place them in the distinguished positions they occupy. It is pleasant and satisfactory to be able to form correct conceptions of "eminent personages," to know what they are like, and wherefore they are eminent; and such knowledge is also something more than both pleasant and satisfactory, since, if rightly applied, it may enable us, in some degree at least, to realize in our own persons the memorable admonition of the poet, that the

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

This collection comprises, amongst others, portraits of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Admiral Lord Lyons, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Lord Macaulay, Sir A. Alison, and the late Sir I. K. Brunel.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By H. BEECHER STOWE. Published by SAMSON LOW, London.

We do not review this book because of any merit in the illustrations,—they are not worthy of companionship with the story,—but we may not leave unnoticed a work that cannot fail to attract universal attention—in the Old World as well as in the New. Those who expect an exciting tale, that will harrow up the feelings by the recital of wrongs inflicted and vengeance exacted, whether real or imaginary, or partly both, will be disappointed here. Somewhat there is, indeed, of that theme, in the treatment of which the writer is most "at home"; but it is calm, subdued, and rational—so at least it must be considered, even by those who take opposite views, and have protested against the truth of pictures which Mrs. Stowe has drawn with so powerful a pen. This book does not therefore appeal, as did "Uncle Tom," to the passions of mankind: it can create no enmity; it will not excite even indignation;—we may believe that it will content the most earnest, inconsiderate, or ruthless opponents of the great advocate of humanity. It is not within our province to dwell on this subject at all, and we do not mean to enter upon it; but we enjoy the pleasure of passing a few remarks on one of the most touching, beautiful, interesting, and thoroughly good books that has ever been issued from the press of any country.

The scene is laid in New England, towards the close of the past century. Most of the characters are new to us. The habits and customs, modes of thinking and acting, although those of our common ancestry, have a degree of freshness and originality absolutely charming; and we of the old country may be rightly proud of our share in that strength of character, loftiness of purpose, and pious hope and trust and faith, which form the groundwork of so many of the characters introduced into this "novel." In the whole range of fiction, poetry, or prose, there is no portrait so altogether lovely

and loveable as the "Mary" of this book: faultless yet natural—a very angel yet a very woman,—

"Not too pure nor good
For human nature's daily food."

Of the other characters, always excepting "the minister," all are more or less worldly; but here there is no more taint of earth than in the dew-drop before it descends into the petals of the flower. And surely we have seen such during our own pilgrimage: the author may have found a model she has but aimed to copy,—the delight of her sweet portrait being that there is nothing about it so inconceivably perfect that we must reject it as pure invention.

We cannot go at length into this most delicious story,—it is not needed. It will be read universally, and it will add very largely to the author's already high reputation. It may not obtain for her greater admiration, but it will undoubtedly gain for her more intense respect, exhibiting as it does the strength and delicacy of her own lofty mind; her deep love of humanity; her earnest advocacy of virtue; her profound and refined piety, and the rare intellectual power with which she is endowed to send good and holy thoughts—pure and upright sentiments—north, south, east, and west—to the uttermost parts of earth.

UNDER GOVERNMENT; An Official Key to the Civil Service of the Crown, and Guide for Candidates seeking Appointments. By J. C. PARKINSON, Accountant and Comptroller General's Department, Somerset House. Published by BELL AND DALDY, London.

We notice this little book because of its manifest utility to the public at large, rather than from any claim it has to a record in the columns of a Journal like ours. The system now adopted of throwing open to competition the Civil Service of the Government, naturally induces much inquiry as to the advantages to be obtained by admission to the respective offices, and Mr. Parkinson's "Key" affords full information on the subject, by a specification of the number of persons employed in each department, and of the minimum and maximum salaries paid to each individual. He calculates that during the last few years the number of persons nominated to the various branches of the Civil Service has exceeded two thousand annually, and that there are at the present time about seventeen thousand civil servants of the higher class—by which we are to understand men of education—engaged in the various public offices of the United Kingdom. If we add to these the persons employed in lower positions, such as office-keepers, messengers, postmen, dock-yard artificers, inferior revenue officers, &c., the number would be swelled to fifty thousand. The aggregate of the salaries of this army of civilians affords a tolerably clear insight into the expenditure of the "ways and means" annually voted by parliament; yet, we believe, few of the really working men are much overpaid. Mr. Parkinson speaks satisfactorily of the advantages possessed by the class to which he belongs, and there is no doubt that a government employee has a far easier time of it, to use an ordinary expression, than a man engaged in the turmoil and uncertainties of business, or in some of the learned professions, or we will add, in editorial duties. He will, probably, never become a wealthy man, but "his bread and his water will be sure," and even this is something in an age when thousands are striving in vain for a respectable living. As we said at the outset, this book is opportunely published, and will be found of very general use.

THE FORGE. Painted and Engraved by JAMES SHARPLES, Blackburn.

The records of genius frequently tell us of the singular and unsuspected way in which it is developed: like springs in the desert, it breaks out amid dreary wastes; like volcanic fire, it shines forth from the depths of darkness. In its application to Art we have met with no more remarkable instance than that which is exhibited in this engraving—one of a rather large size, and the work of a person whose daily toil is carried on in the forging-room which it represents. James Sharples is, as we hear from the best authority, simply a blacksmith in a large factory at Blackburn, who has employed his leisure hours for a long time past in painting a picture of "The Forge," and in engraving it; and, what adds to the singularity of the performance is, that the artist is entirely self-taught, and, till his work was completed and in the hands of the printer, he had never seen an engraved metal plate, though, it is presumed, he was acquainted with prints. But our readers will naturally ask, after this preface, what sort of a work is this? Our answer is, that in composition, drawing, and

perspective, we can scarcely detect an error, although it is full of subject of every kind, figures, machinery, tools, &c. &c. To a practised eye the engraving appears executed in an extraordinary style, stipple and line; but there are parts in it which our most experienced engravers would not be ashamed to acknowledge as their own, while the *tout ensemble* is very effective. It is entirely worked with the graver, as Mr. Sharples is totally unacquainted with the use of acids. Certainly this is a most unique production in every way, and is worthy of patronage, if only as the work of uneducated genius. The print has no publisher's name or the printer, Mr. Wilkinson, Charrington Street, Somers Town, to whose hands the plate is entrusted.

GUIDE TO THE COAST OF KENT, SUSSEX, HANTS AND DORSET, DEVON AND CORNWALL. By MACKENZIE WALCOTT, M.A. Published by E. STANFORD, London.

All who remember Poole's burlesque "Guide to Little Paddington," will testify to its absurdly truthful jests on the style of local guide-books, as constructed half a century ago. Topography was the lowest branch of literature; it became a difficulty to burlesque its platitudes or its ridiculous induction; no scholar cared to lift the art out of the dirt. We are now in a very different position; it is no small proof of the general diffusion of sound topographical knowledge, that such useful little volumes as these are sought for, and are successful. They abound with the useful and curious information so valuable to a tourist. The author has the happy art of saying much in little; an art always valuable to the home reader, but doubly so to the tourist. He is not dry by reason of his compression, but is always ready with a cheerful or curious anecdote for the reader's behoof. Mr. Walcott is well known by more important works, evincing research and scholarship; and we are glad to find a pen such as his, employed in a neglected but most useful field of action.

HOW TO WORK WITH THE MICROSCOPE. By LIONEL S. BEALE, M.B., F.R.S., Professor of Physiology, &c., in King's College, &c. &c. Published by J. CHURCHILL, London.

This work contains a course of lectures delivered during the past winter session, at King's College, we presume. Professor Beale has been induced to give them greater publicity than the lecture-room offers, by an earnest desire, as he says, to assist in diffusing a love for microscopical inquiry, not less for the pleasure it affords to the student than from a conviction of its real utility and increasing practical value in promoting advancement in the various branches of Art, Science, and Manufacture. It is not a book for the young student, but one most excellent for those who have gained some little experience in the management of that wondrous medium of investigation, the microscope. The variety and completeness of information contained in these pages will be found invaluable; it is of a decidedly practical nature, combining the results of the professor's own experience with those of others not unknown in the world of science.

THE CRUISE OF THE "PEARL" ROUND THE WORLD; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN INDIA. By the Rev. E. A. WILLIAMS, M.A., Chaplain Royal Navy. Published by R. BENTLEY, London.

This enterprising and enlightened clergyman fortunately kept a journal, although while he kept it he had no view to publication. Circumstances, however, induced him to give it to the world: we rejoice that he has done so, for it contains much new and interesting matter, and is very valuable as containing the ideas and reflections of one who was a looker-on during scenes of high interest and vital importance. The author describes, sometimes very graphically, the several actions in which the Naval Brigade was engaged during the rebel war in India, and does full honour to the courage and endurance of British sailors. They have never failed in their country; but here they were engaged in a style of warfare to which they were unaccustomed—entirely "unprofessional." Their services were, however, great, and have been heartily acknowledged. They have found an admirable "chronicler" in their chaplain: one who has made known their gallant bearing and heroic achievements, and to whom the public, no less than the Service, owes a debt of gratitude.

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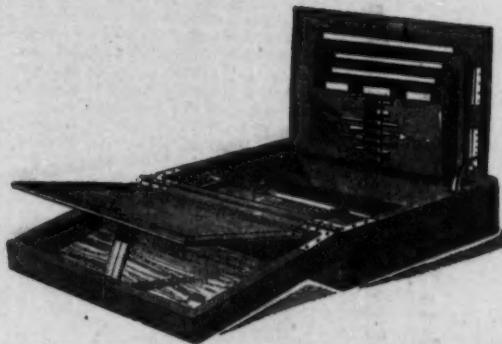
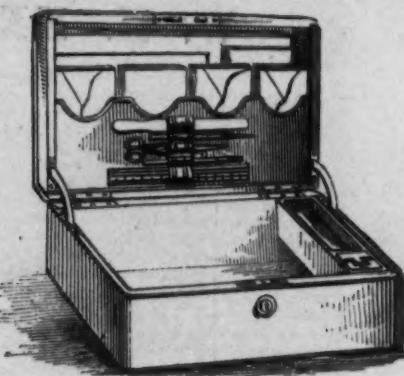
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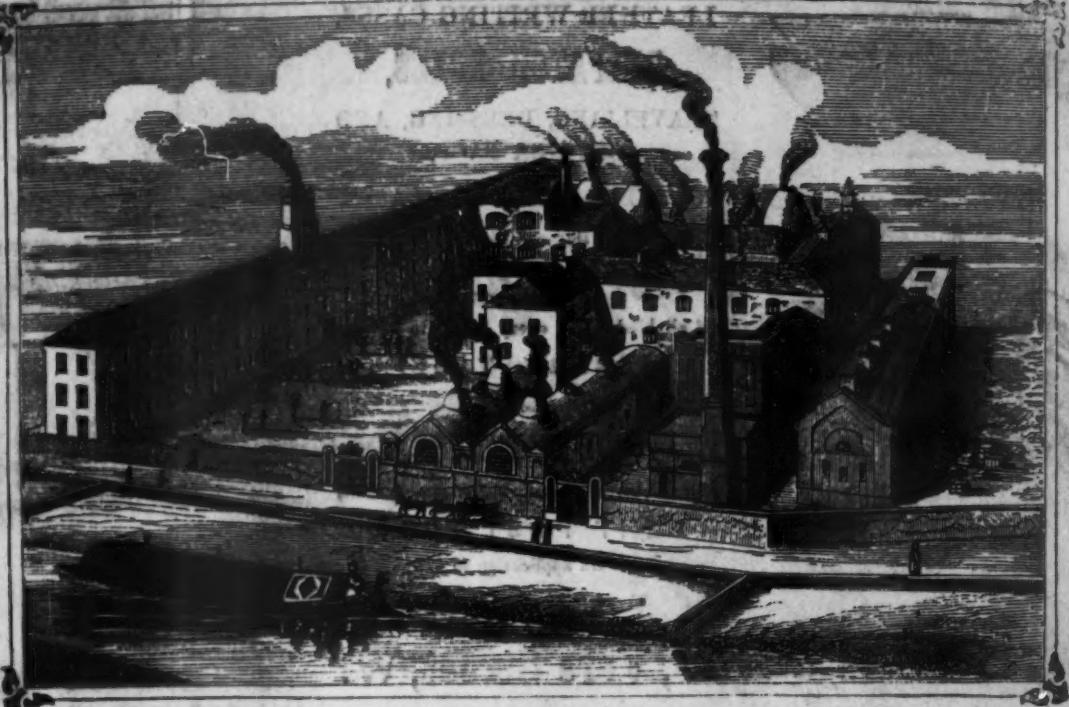
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